

JULY 20, 1911

JUL 19 1911

PRICE 10 CENTS

# LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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THE CHARLES SCHWENCKE PRESS

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**There is wit,  
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comic pictures.**

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*Inclosed please find ten cents.  
Kindly send me the current issue  
of JUDGE.*

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## The Editor's Desk

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The most notable and helpful part of the exhibit was the pictorial record of the work done by the welfare movement.

One wealthy philanthropist of New Jersey expressed the conviction of thousands when he said: "This photographic portrayal of the work and its needs has given me a graphic picture of the whole movement in five minutes. I have obtained through this photographic record in the time that it takes to snap your fingers what I feared would take endless hours of heavy pamphlet reading to obtain."

This is the point that LESLIE'S has been emphasizing for years.

We report the news of the world in pictures. A subscriber to LESLIE'S is not required to waste endless hours poring over countless columns of heavy reading matter to get his information.

The camera gives the news in a flash.



A View of Georgetown, Washington and Alexandria, from the Headquarters 69th Reg. N. Y. Reprint from Leslie's Weekly, May 25th, 1861.

Not everybody will read the same story, but nearly everybody will look at the same picture. This means that Leslie's Weekly is passed from hand to hand, giving it more readers per copy than any other publication.

Circulation Guaranteed Over 330,000 Copies an Issue. \$1.25 a Line

ALLAN C. HOFFMAN, Advertising Manager

 **Leslie's**   
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street  
Brunswick Building, NEW YORK

"Tells the news of the world in pictures"

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A Can be used as torch, cigar lighter, and to ignite gas lamps; it takes the place of matches. Highly polished. Send \$1.00. No stamps.

LENZ MACHINE WORKS

161 Washington Street NEW YORK

# Leslie's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

All the News in Pictures

New York Office: Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue. Western Advertising Office: Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; Washington Representative, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Branch Subscription Offices in thirty-seven cities of the United States.

European Agents: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, 16 John Street, Adelphi, London; 56 Rue de la Victoire, Paris; 1 Clara Strasse, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France.

Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce credentials.

TO ADVERTISERS: Our circulation books are open for your inspection.

TERMS: Ten cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa. Foreign postage, \$1.50 extra. Twelve cents per copy, \$6.00 per year, to Canadian subscribers. Subscriptions are payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal money order.

BASIC NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy: 1910, 20 cents; 1909, 30 cents, etc. Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always.

The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just cause for complaint. If LESLIE'S cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers would be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported. Senders of photographs or letterpress must always include return postage. We receive such material only on condition that we shall not be held responsible for loss or injury while in our hands or in transit.

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Through an error the cover last week, July 13th, 1911, was credited to Mr. J. G. Sommer. The cover was designed by Adolf Treidler.

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# Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

### EDITORIAL POLICY

Optimistic and constructive, creating conservative opinion and bettering business conditions. It appeals to a **substantial** and **thinking** class.

### CIRCULATION QUALITY

A leading automobile advertiser speaking of the responsiveness of Leslie's readers, says, "They were of **unusually** good class, among them a large share of **professional** and **high grade business** men."

A high class financial advertiser says, "The returns have been **remarkably satisfactory** and from an **especially** good class of people."

A book publisher writes, "The cost per order has been extremely gratifying. The quality of the orders is **distinctly** good."

The manager of a municipal advertising campaign states, "The inquiries are of **better** average grade than those produced by other mediums used."

### RESPONSIVENESS

An advertiser of food products writes, "We are glad to say that we have received **very** satisfactory benefits from our advertising in Leslie's."

An advertiser of firearms writes, "Leslie's has **far** outstripped all other publications."

### ADVERTISERS

The number of advertisers who have used Leslie's continuously during 1910 and 1911 proves Leslie's to be a **profitable general medium**.

### LOW RATE

**The low cost per thousand circulation and even national distribution cannot be equalled by any other national weekly.** This can be substantiated by facts. We have these facts in book form, showing comparative rates of twenty-four publications, letters from advertisers, etc. It will be sent upon request.

**Circulation Over 340,000 Copies. 96½% Subscription**

ALLAN C. HOFFMAN  
Advertising Manager  
Brunswick Building New York City

CHARLES B. NICHOLS, Western Manager  
Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

### Chafing Dish Cooking

Is sure to be disappointing without a sharp and snappy seasoning.



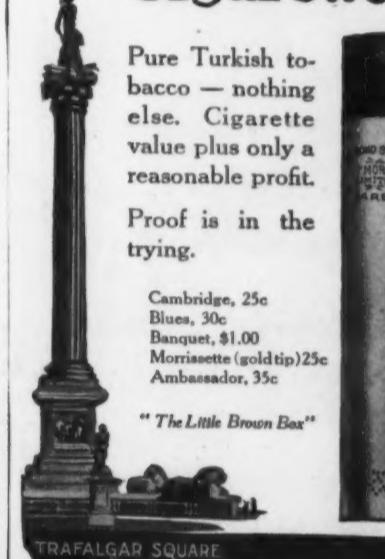
### LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Has qualities which no other sauce possesses. Soups, Fish, Meats and Salads are greatly improved by its use. A wonderful Appetizer.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

## Philip Morris Cigarettes



Pure Turkish tobacco—nothing else. Cigarette value plus only a reasonable profit.

Proof is in the trying.

Cambridge, 25c  
Blues, 30c  
Banquet, \$1.00  
Morissette (goldtip) 25c  
Ambassador, 35c

"The Little Brown Box"



ARNICA TOOTH SOAP Cannot break or spill—lasts twice as long—is twice as good. Cleanses, whitens and heals. Good for the whole mouth—antiseptic—neutralizes mouth acids and prevents decay and discoloration.

In cake form in a compact metal box, 25c at all druggists or sent by mail.

C. H. STRONG & CO. - CHICAGO

### AGENTS Here It Is



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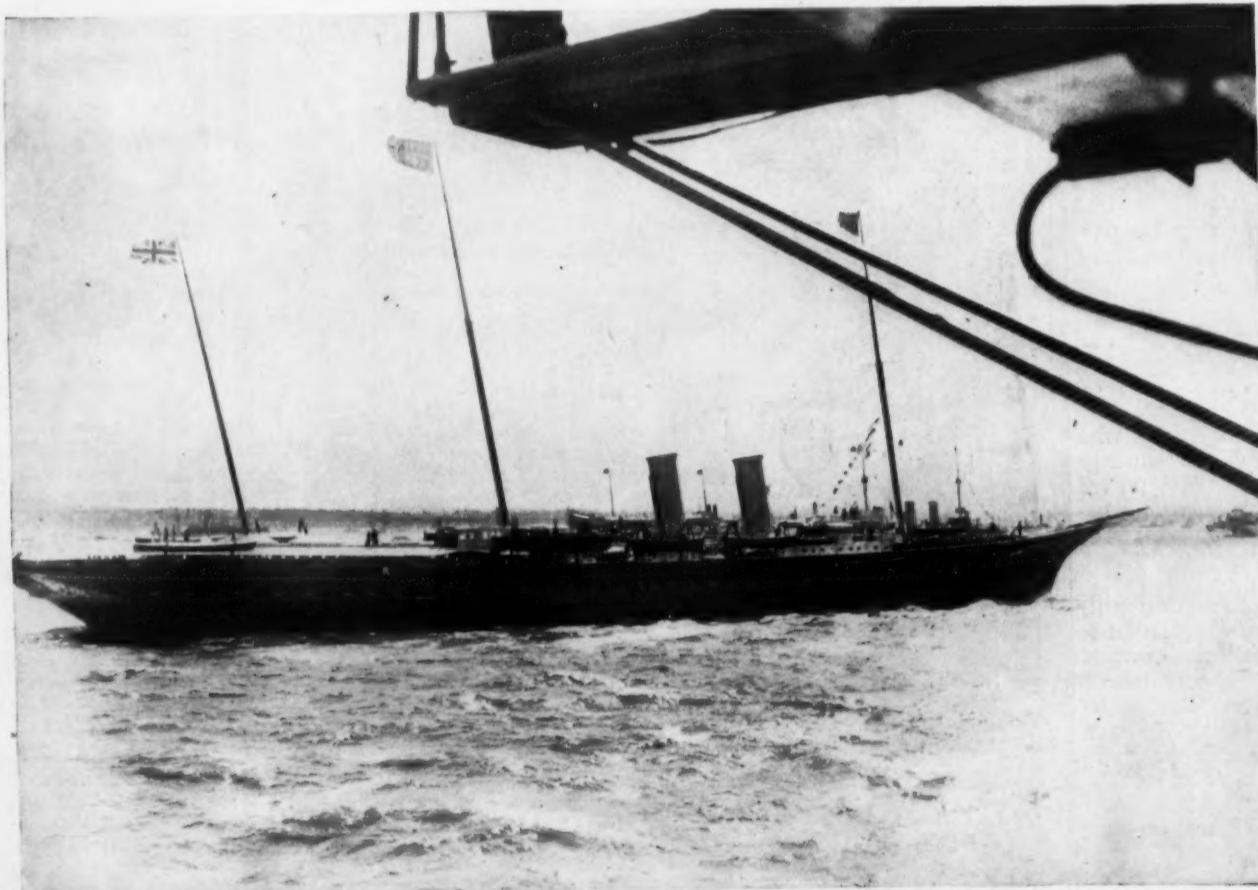
### Matchless Pocket Lighter

A perfect lighter. Occupies no more space in the pocket than a pencil. Indispensable to every smoker, hunter, fisherman and automobile. Heavily nickel plated and made of finest material. Durable and waterproof, with perfect ignition. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent postpaid 55c. Pocket clip 5c extra. Special proposition to agents and dealers. CHILLER MFG. CO., Dept. L4, Schiller Bldg., CHICAGO.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



THE ROYAL YACHT, BEARING KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY, PASSING DOWN THE LINE OF 185 WARSHIPS, INCLUDING 167 BRITISH AND 18 FOREIGN VESSELS. THE AMERICAN DREADNOUGHT "DELAWARE" WAS THE MOST POWERFUL VESSEL IN LINE.



PHOTOS BY LEVICK  
THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" FROM WHOSE BRIDGE KING GEORGE REVIEWED THE THUNDERING WARSHIPS OF SEVENTEEN NATIONS.

## The Great Coronation Naval Review

Britain's Newly Crowned Sailor King Inspects a Mighty Fleet at Spithead, June 24



# Leslie's ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

"In God We Trust."

CXIII.

Thursday, July 20, 1911

No. 2915



PHOTO LOSEY

The presidential party and the public reception committee entertained on July 4th, at the house of ex-Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks. Mrs. Fairbanks, seated in center of front row, with President Taft at her left and Mr. Fairbanks at her right.

## EDITORIAL

### Chaos in Congress.

THE TARIFF question, in the shape which it has taken in the present session of Congress, has broken the Republican party in more places than anybody now alive ever remembers to have seen in the past. Republicans are for and against the Canadian reciprocity measure. The so-called farmers' free list and the bill to revise the wool schedule have also split the party in two. The division goes even further than this. Both insurgents and regulars are split. When the reciprocity bill passed the House, more of the Republicans were against it than were for it. The President said it was an experiment worth trying, and it seemed to be, but thus far it has brought nothing but complications and trouble.

In the Senate, as in the House, most of the insurgents oppose reciprocity; but, while the insurgents support the majority of the regulars in fighting reciprocity, most of them, with characteristic inconsistency, favor the free list bill, which the Democrats put forward as a sort of consolation prize for the damage that reciprocity would inflict on them. Most of them also favor the cut on raw wool and on woolen goods which the Democrats passed in the House. Some of the regular Republicans of the West now threaten to support the Democrats in cutting duties on woolen and cotton fabrics and on iron and steel products, in retaliation for the damage which will be done to the farmers if reciprocity passes. Thus the divisions in the Republican party are far more numerous and far more dangerous than they were on silver in 1893-96, for at that time the Democrats had still more serious schisms on the same issue and they lacked the level-headed leadership which they now possess or which they have apparently possessed since the opening of the extra session.

We begin to believe that a serious blunder was committed in calling the extra session. There was no discernible demand for reciprocity anywhere in the country until President Taft took it up. It was not mentioned in the Republican platform of 1908. No Republican spellbinder in that campaign said a word about it. It was an experiment, but it was made at an inopportune time. Although the extra session of the Sixty-first Congress, called by President Taft at his inauguration, lasted from

March 15th, 1909, to August 5th of that year, nobody during that time seems to have thought anything about reciprocity. The question did not come up until the regular session of 1910 was well advanced. When it was so strongly antagonized by the Republican House of that Congress in 1911 and when the Republican Senate sidetracked it, a pretty strong intimation was given that the Republican party did not like the measure. In summoning the Sixty-second Congress, with its Democratic House and with its narrow Republican margin in the Senate, to deal with this issue, a mistake was made which may cost the Republican party dearly. This issue has apparently shattered the party in the Senate into three or four fragments.

It was in the extra session of 1909 that the first split in the party came. It came on the Payne bill, which a group of insurgents opposed from the beginning, but which was enacted, nevertheless. There is where the weakening of the Republican line began, which led to the party's defeat in the congressional election of 1910. The extra session of 1911 may lead to still more disastrous consequences in 1912. Feuds have been started which threaten to project themselves into the presidential campaign. By their popgun bills of schedule-by-schedule revision, the entire tariff is likely to be taken up by the Democrats piecemeal and the whole fabric of our industries be shaken. While this uncertainty lasts, enterprise must halt. Business men will be afraid to make contracts for any considerable length of time in advance. The steel, woolen and cotton factories are restricting their work to the bare immediate demands.

Republicans must bear in mind that, for the moment at least, the Democrats have more capable leadership than they have had before since Tilden and Cleveland. The Democratic blunders which were confidently counted upon and which aided the Republicans so often in the past have been absent since the extra session met. There is more harmony among the Democrats at this moment than has been seen since Cleveland's campaign of 1884. It looks now as if, by calling this Congress in early session with the best intentions, the President gave the Democrats a chance to bring forward an entire tariff program and to seriously disturb the old-time unity among the Republicans. The President wanted Congress to restrict its work to the reciprocity measure, but he had no power to enforce any such forbearance on it. He gave the Democrats an opportunity to strike at the entire protection policy, on which, in large part, the country's prosperity has rested, and they have

promptly embraced it. The President has shown the courage of his convictions and appears to be indifferent to the consequences. But his party cannot be and is not.

### Our Wonderful Steel Industry.

THE REPORT of Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, regarding the history and the workings of the United States Steel Corporation during the ten years of its history, is a curious document. He declares that when this great combination was formed in 1901 its tangible assets were worth about \$682,000,000, but that this was capitalized at \$1,400,000,000. In making this estimate of the amount of what he considers "watered" stock, he cuts the \$700,000,000 valuation which the corporation places on its ore properties down to \$100,000,000. But the average unprejudiced person will be likely to think that the shrewd business men at the head of this concern have a better knowledge of the value of their assets, in ore and other things, than Commissioner Smith, an amateur, can possibly have. Moreover, he declares that the \$700,000,000 of "water" in the stock in 1901 was reduced to about \$281,000,000 in 1910. This shrinkage was brought about by the wise policy of the corporation chiefs in investing a large part of the earnings in new properties, which they proceeded to develop, and thus rendered the stocks more valuable to their owners.

This is an important concession. Another concession is that its proportion of the products in its field is much less now than it was ten years ago. Which means that the score or more of independent producers are not only doing more work than they did a decade ago, but they are doing a larger proportion of the aggregate work of the country than they did then. "As against sixty per cent. of all crude and finished steel production in 1901, the corporation now has not much over fifty per cent., indicating conclusively the continuous presence of strong and increasing independent production." These are his words, and they prove that the United States Steel Corporation is not quite so much of a "monopoly" as demagogues and muckrakers have been charging.

The United States Steel Corporation was formed to avert a destructive war which would have demoralized the steel industry of the whole country. It has steadied prices, gradually reduced them, furnished an incentive for invention, improved methods of production and aided in vastly increas-



PHOTO PAUL THOMPSON

## A RAILROAD COLLISION MADE TO ORDER.

Head-on impact of two locomotives steaming at full speed at the Indiana State Fair grounds, Indianapolis, July 4. The spectacle was arranged for the benefit of President Taft, who witnessed and greatly enjoyed the clash. Both engines were reduced to scrap iron.

ing the country's aggregate output in its field, especially by the independent producers. As a consequence, the United States now produces over forty per cent. of the aggregate steel output of the entire world. The corporation has been the means of giving, in its own mills and in those of its rivals, employment to hundreds of thousands of workers, at good wages, and has brought hundreds of millions of dollars into the country in the ten years in which it has been in active operation.

## Fair Play for Everybody.

**I**T IS good Bible doctrine that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, but it is wholly unjust to make a good business management suffer for the sins of a former and entirely different management. That is precisely what is happening in the outcry against the American Sugar Refining Company. On the death of Henry O. Havemeyer, December, 1907, the stockholders discovered, much to their surprise, that Mr. Havemeyer owned but a small amount of the company's stock. Coming into control, the stockholders immediately reorganized the company and put it through a thorough housecleaning. From 1891 to 1908 the history of the sugar trust is a record of rebating, water thefts, weighing frauds and bribery. But under the new management, beginning with 1908, these practices have absolutely ceased.

There are three important facts concerning the American Sugar Refining Company which the public ought to know: First, the control of the company is not centered in a small group of men. The total number of stockholders is about twenty thousand, the average individual holding is less than fifty shares and there are over ninety-five hundred stockholders who do not own over ten shares each. In the second place, the company does not monopolize the sugar industry. During 1910 the company manufactured slightly over forty-two per cent. of the total consumption of sugar in the United States. In the third place, and in striking contrast with the general upward movement of prices during the last decade, although the company has had to meet increased cost of labor and supplies, it has continued to sell sugar at a uniformly low price.

Probably there is no other product in general use which produces so little profit to the manufacturer, middleman or retailer as sugar. The housewife has no grievance against the sugar companies, for she knows there is no commodity in daily use that costs her less. When a man turns over a new leaf and joins the church, he ought to be given a fair show, whatever may have been the sins of his past. Very naturally, likewise, the American Sugar Refining Company, under its new and law-abiding management, resents being treated as though responsible for the sins of the past, when the company was under entirely different control.

## The Secret of the "Maine."

**W**AS THE late war between the United States and Spain needless and unjustifiable? Was the government at Washington pushed into it by the unreasoning anger of the American people, who had jumped at the conclusion that the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor by a Spanish mine deliberately set to destroy her? There now appears to be none save an affirmative answer to these serious questions. Always there has been a great deal of doubt of the theory that an external explosion wrecked the famous warship. Now that the

*Maine* is being uncovered in her watery grave, doubt must give place to certainty that the vessel's destruction was due to a purely internal cause. Such is the opinion of no less an authority than General W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers of the army, after inspection of the work of his subordinates engaged in raising the ill-fated hulk.

The vessel, in General Bixby's opinion, is shattered in such a manner that the havoc could have been wrought only by the explosion of her magazines. The primary cause of the explosion, he admits, will never be learned; but there is here no more mystery than in the many other unexplainable explosions on board war vessels of this and other countries. Moreover, General Bixby's views receive remarkable corroboration in a letter on the subject of the *Maine*, written nine years ago by that foremost of naval construction experts, Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, to the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, and printed in a recent issue of the *North American Review*.

Admiral Melville employs numerous arguments, but only one of them appears needful to produce conviction in any candid mind. He cites ample proof that vessels under which mines or torpedoes explode are simply disrupted—have big gaps torn in them, through which there is a great inflow of water, resulting in quick sinking of the craft. In no instance on record has the explosion of a mine or torpedo been followed by the explosion of the magazine. That is prevented by the rush of water into the broken hull, flooding the compartments in which explosives are stored. In the case of the *Maine*, it is undoubted that the magazines exploded. This alone would demonstrate that no outside energy occasioned the disaster.

The blind passion of a great people served to set Cuba free—for the time being, since she can hardly go on long alone. "Remember the *Maine*"—and there is emphasized anew the wisdom of those who, like President Taft, advocate the submission to cool and calm arbitration of all matters whatsoever in dispute between nations.

## The Plain Truth.

**T**HE Democratic program: For President Champ Clark; for Secretary of State, William J. Bryan. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

**I**NTERESTING letters come to the editor's desk. A young lady, living in the far West, writes to LESLIE's that she likes its pictures, she reads the stories and enjoys especially the page of "People Talked About," but that she finds as much real satisfaction in the advertisements as in anything else. She calls the advertisements in LESLIE's her "bargain counter" and says that she was particularly pleased with a vacation suggestion she found in a railroad advertisement. It led to the organization of a little party for a most pleasant, satisfactory and economical trip. Our appreciative reader might have added that one of the charms of the advertisements in LESLIE's is that they are within easy reach of the readers, not lost in the voluminous folds of a Sunday newspaper or monthly magazine.

**H**OW PLEASED the people of New Jersey must be with the half-baked specimen of a statesman that Governor Woodrow Wilson has imposed upon them as their representative in the United States Senate! An unsuccessful office-seeker all his life, Mr. Martine has been posing in the Senate as a farmer. Senator Borah uncovered Martine, who had to acknowledge that eighteen or

twenty years ago he had a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in New Jersey, but that ten years ago, when a great manufacturing town grew up near by, he cut his farm up into lots and built seventy-five or one hundred houses, which paid him a great deal better than farming. This is what one protected American industry did to enrich one poor farmer, yet Martine has the assurance to stand up in the Senate and denounce the protective tariff as an intolerable nuisance. Think of prosperous, industrial New Jersey, full of manufacturers, full of working men and women, represented in the Senate by such a cheap free trader and free silver demagogue as James Edgar Martine! Even the New York *Evening Post* blushes for Governor Wilson when it mentions Martine's antics in the Senate.

**A**ND AMERICAN industry that pays wages to the amount of \$79,214,000 ought to be given consideration even by rabid tariff revisionists. Nor should the fact that the woolen mills use raw materials to the value of \$273,466,000 annually be passed by. Because a suit of woolen clothes can be bought cheaper in England than in the United States, some assume that the higher cost here is due wholly to the tariff and that the amount of the tariff represents a clear profit. They seem to overlook the influence upon the selling price of certain other factors, such as wages, competition and the profit of the retailer. It is an indisputable fact that the wholesale price of cloth represents only a relatively small percentage of the retail price of clothing. Should the special session of Congress change the woolen schedule without getting a report from the tariff board, those who imagine it will cause a reduction in the retail price of woolen goods will be grievously disappointed. The fact that many manufacturers have said that they would gladly contract their entire output at a profit of five cents a yard is itself sufficient evidence that their profits are not excessive. Before it proceeds to smash one of the country's biggest industries, the public ought to know these facts.

**I**N OUR issue of February 2d last we published a poem, signed by Harrison Lee, entitled "Pluck." The title was the only thing about it which was original. With the exception of an unimportant word or two, the entire poem was stolen bodily from Edmund Vance Cooke's "Impudent Poems," published by the Dodge Publishing Company, of New York City. The verses originally appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, over Mr. Cooke's signature, of course, and the correct title was and is "How Did You Die?" It is hardly necessary to say that LESLIE's was imposed upon and that it publishes this explanation upon the editorial page of this issue to give it as great publicity as possible, in order to correct the unintentional injury done Mr. Cooke in the fullest possible manner. As the poem was widely copied, LESLIE's especially requests its exchanges which used it with the false credit to publish this item of correction as a matter of simple justice to the author. It is interesting to note that this same poem has been stolen several times. While it is one of the most widely known of recent poems and although it went the rounds of the press throughout the English-speaking world correctly attributed to Mr. Cooke upon its first appearance, it has since been "cribbed" under many titles, such as "Vim," "What Counts," "How Do You Fight?" "The Fact That Counts," etc., and over many signatures. Mr. Cooke is certainly a much-imposed-upon poet, and LESLIE's desires to do all in its power to right a literary wrong.

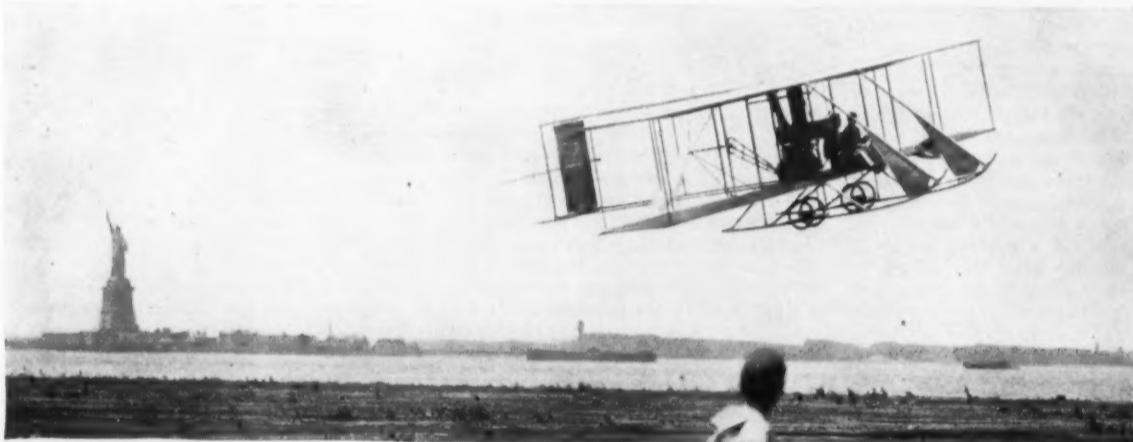
# First Aeroplane Flight over New York



ATWOOD ATTEMPTING TO CIRCLE THE SINGER TOWER.

COPYRIGHT BROWN BROS.

He approached the tower from the east and went around it, flying about 100 feet above the flagpole, but when he attempted to complete the circle a northwest wind forced him back. He had, however, broken all aerial records for New York City.



TAKING LIEUTENANT FICKEL FOR A TRIP OVER GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

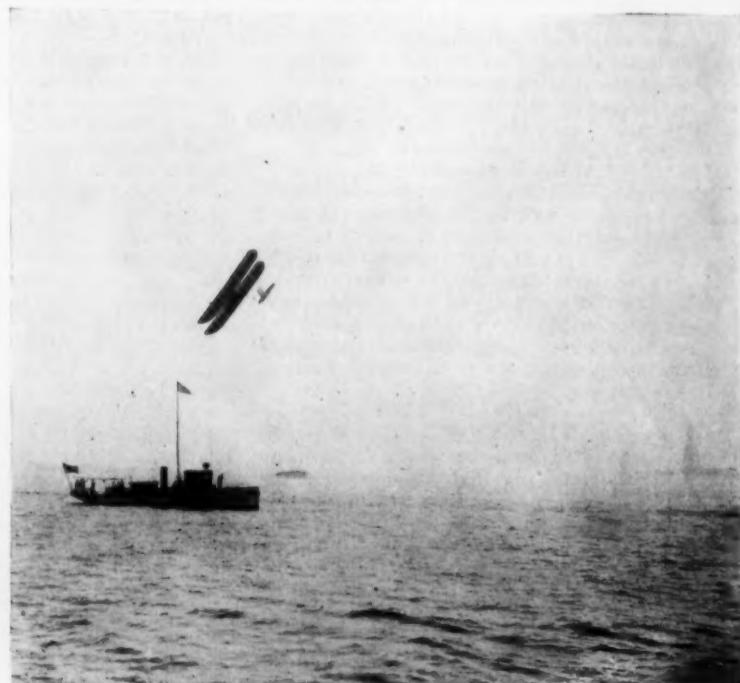
COPYRIGHT BROWN BROS.

Atwood's arrival at the military post in the harbor was absolutely unheralded, as was his entire trip from New London, Conn., to New York. He had witnessed the Harvard-Yale boat race at the former place, having flown from Boston. From New York he proceeded by aeroplane July 4 to Atlantic City en route to Washington.



ATWOOD AND LIEUTENANT FICKEL IN THE MACHINE.

Atwood is only twenty-seven years old and his first venture into an aeroplane alone was on Memorial Day of this year.



DOING A HAZARDOUS DIP OVER THE BAY.

PHOTO PAUL THOMPSON

This was easy, however, to venturing into the treacherous air currents which eddy about the big downtown office buildings.

# When Bookkeeping Is Exciting

How the Man Behind the Ledger Meets a Crisis Involving Both the Firm's and His Own Future

By I. F. FERRIS

**T**HE LIFE of the man who stands at a high desk in a mercantile concern and turns over the leaves of huge ledgers, day by day, would seem to be devoid of adventure or excitement.

Of adventure as popularly exemplified—bear hunting, gold seeking and the like—outdoor adventure, that is—his life contains none. Of the excitement of an automobile race, an aeroplane flight or a trip in a submarine, he knows literally nothing. Yet his life has its exciting periods, and not infrequently the period is a long one and the situation grows in interest and excitement from day to day, so that, instead of the sensation being one of a few hours, it is one of weeks or months.

The mind of the man who has stood behind the same desk for years may seem to be intent upon the dry memoranda that he is handling, but, instead, he may be thinking deeply upon some serious problem that vitally affects the prosperity of the concern. The bookkeeper in a concern of moderate size is sure to know all about his employer's business in time, for eventually every transaction must be placed on the books and thus come under his notice in one shape or another, craftily disguised perhaps at times; but the man who knows well the personality of his employer will be able to sense what is so carefully concealed.

Sometimes it is more difficult for a bookkeeper to determine just what is the right course for him to pursue. His duty to one of the members of a firm is exactly the same as his duty to the other members; the confidence which the others have in him must not be abused for the benefit of one member who has trusted to him information which the bookkeeper knows he is not desirous of having imparted to the other partners, at least not at that time. The bookkeeper must not be a "tattle tale," yet there are times when he possesses confidential information of transactions by one member of a firm that should be imparted to the rest in order to guard the house from disaster.



Such a situation confronted the bookkeeper of a firm manufacturing an exclusive line of material. There were but two members, one of whom was on the road almost constantly, sometimes not coming to the office for three months at a time, and then perhaps for only a part of a day.

For some time the house had sold a certain line of their product to another manufacturer, who utilized it in making a correlated line of goods. The home partner of the concern, on calling on this manufacturer, became interested in his goods and conceived the idea of manufacturing them himself instead of selling his material for that purpose. He contracted on the part of his concern for the purchase of the other factory, and, becoming over-sanguine and enthusiastic, drew a check for a substantial payment on account and took possession, re-engaging two salesmen of the former concern at substantial salaries.

On his return to his own office he related to the bookkeeper and office manager what he had done, but wrote nothing very definite to the road partner regarding the actual purchase of the other factory. Neither the office manager nor the bookkeeper was as enthusiastic over the addition of a new line of product and the swelling of operating expenses as was their employer, but they were salaried men and it was not their province to criticise the acts of "the boss," except in their own minds.

They knew that their own concern was not large enough to branch out in that way, but their hands were tied. The new factory now consumed most of the home partner's attention, and, while he brought back to his office glowing accounts of the amount of business done in the other city, he seemed to find it necessary to make sundry substantial drafts on his firm's bank account on the occasion of every visit to the new plant—drafts of which the road partner, now in the midst of a long trip, knew nothing.



Just here the bookkeeper's position began to develop considerable interest; his analytic mode of thought soon told him that not only were the profits of his concern being absorbed in the new one, but that its vitality was being sapped. So long as the money was in motion and checks were flying back and forth between the two concerns, the actual situation would not be apparent; but he saw that before long the first large business loss at either plant would probably topple over the house of cards and destroy their credit, if it did not entirely wreck the concern.

He was the only one who really knew, and he was only a salaried man behind a desk. The problem of what he was to do in that situation was a perplexing one. He felt that the road partner

should be informed as to the condition of affairs, but he also felt that it was hardly his business to do this when his two superiors did not seem inclined to do so. In this contingency he recalled that some years before, when the road partner first started out on these long trips, it had been the practice to send him a weekly transcript of the cash book. For some reason this practice had fallen into disuse, but, with the courage of his convictions firm in his mind, the bookkeeper wrote the road partner, suggesting that in his next letter to the house he request that the practice be resumed.

The suggested request came, but then the bookkeeper worried for days after the transcript was sent, lest he had, after all, done the wrong thing. If the road partner could read between the lines of that transcript of the cash book, the bookkeeper had saved the concern from wreck; if he could not or the clerk's motives were misunderstood, it was quite likely that the latter would be seeking another position in the course of a few weeks.



The situation had considerable uncertainty in it and the bookkeeper's life had some excitement in it then, especially when, a month later, the road partner decided to cut short his trip and returned to the office to "clean up the slate" and to insist upon the discontinuance of the outside venture. By the time this was accomplished, the capital of the concern was so impaired that it was barely solvent and it took the profit of two years and more before its capital was again up to its former standard. The employe had saved the concern, at the expense of a good many sleepless nights, it is true, but he had saved it.

Another bookkeeper was placed in a situation that was similar in some aspects, but different in detail. The problem he had to consider was whether a bookkeeper should make an entry on his books which he knows to be improper, even when instructed to do so by one of two employers.

One of his employers seldom looked at the books, being of a trustful nature and disliking anything connected with figures. The other partner's account was overdrawn and it was within a few weeks of the end of the firm year when he instructed the bookkeeper to charge an investment account on the books with four hundred odd dollars and credit it to his personal account. There was no explanation why. The clerk knew why; he knew that this man wanted a full share of the profit to be divided at the end of the year and he did not want his personal over-draft to come out of his share. At the moment there was no alternative but to make the entry, which he put on his journal with a line of explanation: "Amount transferred as per orders of Mr. X. Y. Z."

The following day his employer asked him suddenly, "Did you put that entry on the books?" "Yes, sir," said the bookkeeper, and showed him the journal entry. His employer's anxiety to know whether the entry was on the books confirmed him in his belief that the entry was improper and he omitted to mention that he had not yet posted it in the ledger. Mentally he decided not to post it until the very last day of the month.



In a few days the other partner chanced to be standing behind the bookkeeper's desk chatting, and the clerk opened the journal to the page containing that entry and laid it conveniently near at hand. As he hoped, the partner's eye rested on it as he turned to leave and he immediately asked for an explanation. A half hour later there was a heart-to-heart talk between the two partners in the private office, and an hour later the bookkeeper had the satisfaction of ruling out that journal entry and making another memorandum in red ink: "Not posted per orders of Mr. X. Y. Z. and Mr. A. B. C."

Another bookkeeper labored under the disadvantage of having one employer who never overcame the habit of drawing checks outside the office for personal matters and not mentioning them until they showed up when the pass book was balanced by their bank and the paid vouchers returned. Every time this was done, there would be a cluster of small checks which he had drawn for all sorts of purposes which had to be put on the check book and charged to his account. The other members of the firm knew of this habit, but made only mild expostulation, as the amounts had always been within reasonable bounds.

One day the erring partner telephoned from his club to the bookkeeper. "When are you going to have the bank book balanced?" he asked.

"It's down there now," replied the bookkeeper. "We will get it back this afternoon."

"Well, you balance it with your check book before you leave to-night, without fail," replied his

employer. "And put all the checks on my desk; I want to look them over in the morning."

When the bookkeeper attempted to balance the vouchers returned by the bank with the firm's check book, he found among them some fifteen hundred dollars' worth of checks which this man had drawn and not reported. An apparently quite respectable working balance had shrunk to infinitesimal proportions. Engaged as he was in real-estate ventures in his own town, this partner had found it easier to draw firm checks for insistent carpenters or painters than to wait until he could pay them from out of his own means.

The next morning he was at the office almost as soon as the bookkeeper. Taking the bunch of unreported checks, he calculated the total. "Now," he instructed the bookkeeper, "you put on the check book a charge against Messrs. E. F. & Co. for this amount; that will make the bank book and the check book agree."

He had mentioned the name of a firm from whom they bought certain raw material on six months' time, an account that was settled only twice a year. That bookkeeper could not procrastinate nor make entries which might never be posted. Cash was cash and not a matter of juggling with figures.

So he said plainly, "I don't see how I can do that, Mr. X.; I don't see how I can make one entry on the check book to cover a dozen or more vouchers." His expression of inability needed no explanation to his employer, who fully understood what the clerk meant by it.

"You don't, eh?" he rasped out, in a voice that had a threatening touch in its tones. "Well, you bring the check book in here and I'll show you how." Whereupon the employer wrote the name of the firm and the amount on the check book in his own handwriting, which was what the bookkeeper desired if the entry was to be made at all, although it was written on a stub several pages back where it would not readily be noticed.

The bookkeeper had been right, of course, but a few days later he was told that this member had stated to another partner that he was becoming too critical and captious and that unless he became more tractable and obliging they would have to engage a new bookkeeper. No such change was made, however, for one of the partners noticed that entry a couple of weeks later and asked how they had happened to pay Messrs. E. F. & Co. that amount on account at that time of year. The clerk had taken the precaution to copy the face and the endorsements of each of the unreported checks the afternoon they arrived from the bank, so that the fact that the speculative partner had retained them in his possession was of no avail and the matter was finally rectified.

One episode in his life that was more amusing than serious in its aspects was related by the bookkeeper for an advertising house. The concern was incorporated, but all the stock except six shares needed to qualify other officers was owned by the president.

This individual's wife had sued him for divorce and had made application for alimony based upon what she believed to be his income, which she had very nearly correct. The president's salary appeared on the minutes of the corporation as \$25 a week, but he had been in the habit of drawing about \$300 a week, with the intention that this would be balanced by a credit passed by the board of directors "for services rendered" at the end of the year.

In this situation it became desirable that the president's income should be no more than his salary, and recourse was had to the postage-stamp account. The amount ostensibly expended for postage stamps grew from \$120 a week to \$250, and then to nearly \$500 weekly, while the president was supposed to be scraping along on a beggarly \$100 a month and endeavoring to live within his means. Only the bookkeeper and the treasurer knew that most of that postage-stamp money found its way into the president's pocket in the shape of cash, and no inspection of the books or vouchers of the concern would ever have revealed that fact.

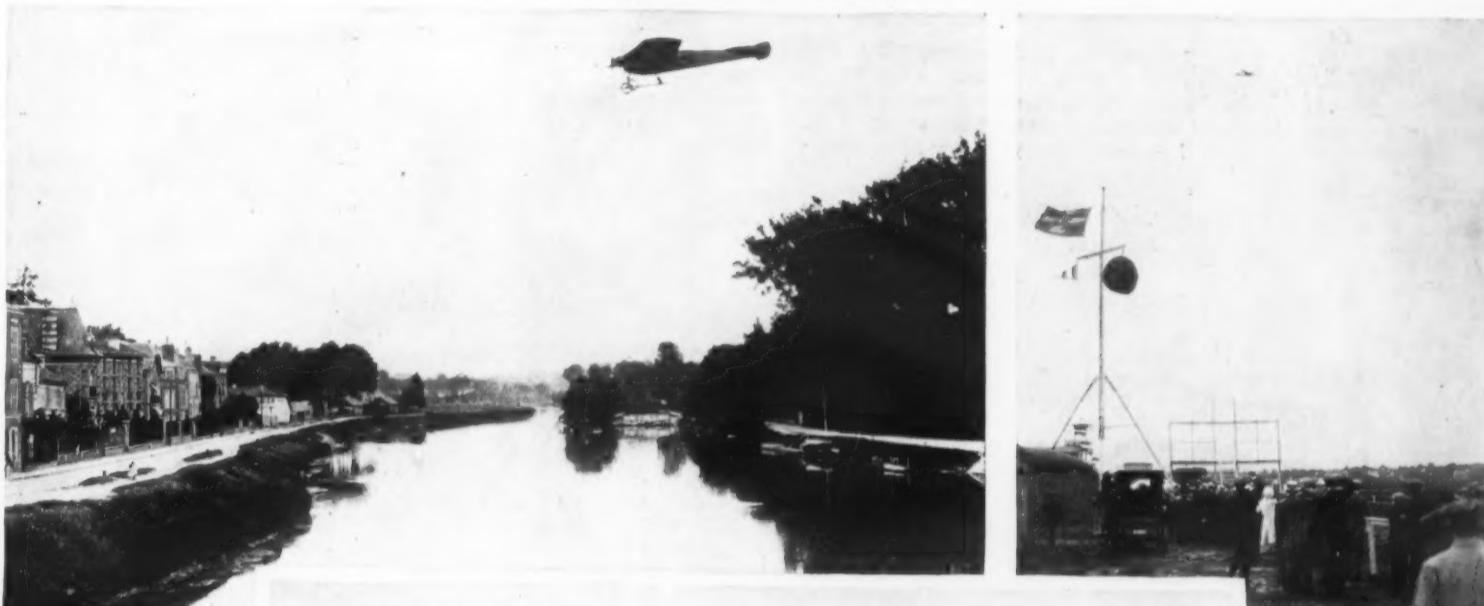
The arrangement was a little strained, however, when the gentleman purchased a \$5,000 automobile. It did not seem within reason to buy \$5,000 worth of postage stamps all at once, and even the densest of auditors would probably balk at such an entry. The bookkeeper considered that they had spent considerable money for advertising and that it might be considered a good advertisement for any concern to have an automobile seen standing in front of the establishment occasionally; it might bring prestige among their competitors.

(Continued on page 78.)

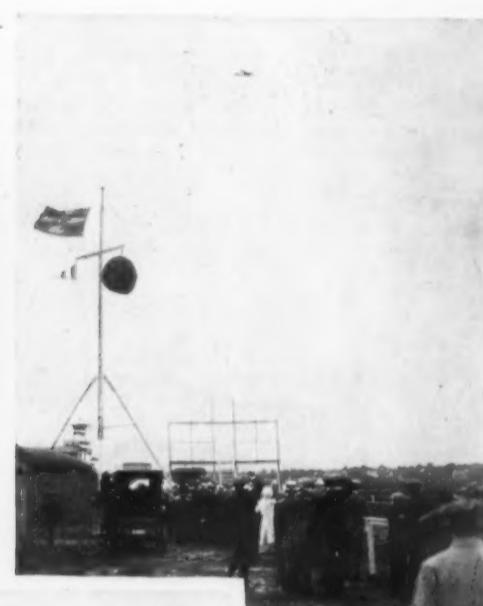
JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

# Greatest of European Air Races

Scenes in the Paris to London and Return Contest for Which Prizes Aggregating Nearly \$100,000 Were Offered



WEYMAN GOING CROSS COUNTRY FROM PARIS TO LIEGE, BELGIUM.



COPYRIGHT PICTORIAL NEWS  
GIBERT ARRIVING AT UTRECHT, HOLLAND, ON THIRD STAGE OF RACE



COPYRIGHT PICTORIAL NEWS  
GARROS IN HIS BLERIOT, READY TO LAND AT UTRECHT, HOLLAND.



COPPIETTE, THE WINNER, ON THE WAY TO LIEGE.

COPYRIGHT PICTORIAL NEWS  
CROWD AT LIEGE WELCOMING VEDRINES, ONE OF THE LEADERS.



VIDART AT MEAUX, FRANCE.  
Encircling the famous cathedral at the French city on first day of the race.

COPYRIGHT PICTORIAL NEWS  
GIBERT GETS A LAUREL WREATH.  
The gift of an admiring Dutch girl at Utrecht.

COPYRIGHT PICTORIAL NEWS  
VEDRINES PASSING OVER MEAUX.  
In the latter stages of the race Vedrines was the first to cross the Channel.

# The Finger of Scorn

A Story Founded on Fact

By MARY KNIGHT POTTER

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The remarkable series of thrilling white slave stories written for Leslie's by Reginald Wright Kauffman will be continued, but at intervals we shall print other stories founded on fact in connection with the white slave traffic by writers of experience. One of these stories we print herewith. It is based on an experience in Boston, Mass., by Mary Knight Potter. The public dance hall has long been looked upon by social workers as a distinct menace. This article strikes a warning note, which will be taken up by Belle Lindner Israels, the well-known authority on public amusement resorts, in a most remarkable paper later on.

**T**HE CLOCK had struck eight, and the dank, half-underground room that was chamber for the four O'Rourke children was already resounding with the snores of three of them. Resounding still more with the drunken singing of Jack, who was stretched half clad crosswise on the bed in the corner, was the other cellar room that was also kitchen, dining-room and living-room for all six of the family. Into the midst of this had come Miss Reardon and her brother. Miss Reardon, who was social arbiter in sixteen-year-old Kathleen's workroom at the factory, lived in an apartment that was half of a whole house not many minutes from the upper end of the subway. She boasted a parlor full of green embossed plush furniture and had a brother who wore Broadway clothes and had a nice taste in the matter of hair and eyes—girls' hair and eyes! Kathleen, in her few short weeks at the factory, had caught his admiring gaze as he waited for his sister at closing hour. Up to then they had not known the sort of father Kathleen had nor the sort of home his vicious worthlessness had dragged his family into. There were two rooms for all six. The ceilings were hardly above street level. All day and all night the elevated railroad roared overhead as it rattled and thundered and banged round from the avenue down into the narrow darkness of the side street. All day and all night the putrid dust of the filthy, garbage-strewn alleys whirled through the blotted, broken panes and filled every breathing inch in the submerged rooms. Now the two who represented the top notch of all that was desirable to Kathleen had come at the very worst time they could come, had found out the very worst that could be found out.

When the dreadful call was over, Bridget O'Rourke and her daughter looked at each other with the complete comprehension of one outraged woman of another. It was an old story to Bridget. She had known little else in her twenty years of desperate, dogged struggling to keep the children and herself respectable. But because of Kathleen she had never felt it more bitterly, more ragingly. She could have killed him, for the shame to the child. And while Kathleen broke into blinding sobs, Bridget, with hands of iron, dragged her husband to the sink and held his head under the cold-water faucet till his drunken brain was frozen into sanity. The words she poured into that brain kept even Jack O'Rourke sober for two weeks.

As for Kathleen, in the depths of her mortification one thought grew hourly stronger. If they had had a parlor, their desperate poverty might have been disguised. The drunken brute of a father would certainly never have been seen. Also—Miss Reardon's brother might have come again.

The fact that Kate Reardon was kinder than ever the next day only made the thought grip more intensely. If she could be kind after such disclosure, what might not happen with a parlor? Then, when a couple of days later the brother himself actually walked two blocks with her on her way home, the thought leaped to passion. She did not venture to believe that Mr. Reardon showed any signs of interest in her, but from then on even her mother did not save more frantically to add to the cracked teapot's hoard for the tiny, four-room flat in Harlem.

Sophia Slivinsky, the Polish girl who was as low in the social scale of the workroom as Kate Reardon was high, had curiously sympathetic appreciation of Kathleen's state of mind. "She'd ought to have better'n she's got," was how she put it to herself—quite without sting. She had met Kathleen's mother, and so far as Sophia had ever known there was no such character as Bridget in all her family. There was, indeed, nobody and nothing behind Sophia to make her think she deserved better than she got. Also, she never wasted sympathy on herself. She was quite willing to work and she gave nearly all she earned to keep the little sisters and the wretched, dope-taking mother in food and clothes and lodging. The only thing she demanded of life in return was an occasional bit of what she called fun. And fun was dancing—dancing, first and always, and dancing with men in unsavory dance halls merely because that naturally and inevitably followed. If the dancing led to an excitement in which her head got whirling and uncertain and she was half un-

conscious of things that were said or things that were done, if the excitement and the heat and the breathlessness led to drinking, if sometimes then there were hazy intervals filled to her after mind with grawsome shapes and fears—all this was not what Sophia was consciously or really wanting. For the sake of the only fun she had ever known she would pay any price, though the price took all she had—far more than she could pay in all the years of her future. Innately bad, the despoiling bad that taints whatever comes near, she was not. And if things had gone well instead of so vastly ill with Kathleen, all the acquaintance in the world with Sophia would have done her no harm.

But after Kate Reardon's visit Kathleen felt the bond of misfortune drawing them closer, and almost before she knew it she had told her what had happened. To Sophia, who also had no parlor, it was possible to say this, and the mere saying brought some comfort to the shame-stricken Irish girl.



"Bah!" Sophia said, patting Kathleen's arm. "Don't you mind! Folks with parlors act as if they owned paradise, but there's those as hasn't 'em that'll get there ahead. As for Phil Reardon"—she laughed in a way that sixteen-year-old Kathleen understood as little as she understood the queer look in her eyes—"it'd take more'n no parlor to stab him. Besides, there's other places'n parlors." And she laughed again.

"Where you can have folks come and have a good time?" Kathleen demanded.

"Sure!" Sophia nodded, and then she shut her mouth determinedly. "It's you for your parlor, kid. An' when you get one, 'won't be Phil Reardon you'll have to ask twice to come."

For the next few weeks Kathleen had good reason for believing this herself. A number of times after work she met the young man on his way home. One day he boldly waited at the gate and walked off with her right before his sister's eyes. Kathleen was too breathless with something that was half pride and half terror to be sure whether that walk was in heaven or on earth. But the next day she was certain that at least it could not have been heaven. Kate Reardon's tolerant kindness had turned sharply curt and several of her set followed her lead with an avidity fed by distinctly personal feelings.



Sophia enlightened Kathleen's bewilderment. "They ain't goin' to stand it," she giggled. "What'd you expect to be swipin' the swaggerest thing in pants there is round?" Then a queer glint of anxiety shone through her amusement. "He ain't worth too much, kid. You'll be better off to keep these here than to be took up by him."

"I ain't takin' him up nor him me," Kathleen shrieked. "Twas just a happen. And they're mean."

"Sure's death!" Sophia agreed. "An' if 'twasn't—if you wasn't a kid, I'd back you up against the whole of 'em. But as 'tis, you get the parlor an' you nab the bunch."

"And when I do get the parlor," Kathleen said defiantly, but strictly to herself this time, "he'll come, sure."

It was then—with the workroom not quite the friendly place it had been, with Mr. Phil Reardon waiting more often than not around the corner, with Sophia looking on believing that, whatever one had or hadn't, one must have some fun—that Jack O'Rourke got into a drunken row at Egan's saloon, smashed much glass and woodwork and Tim O'Flaherty's head. The fine at the police court and the sum demanded by Egan for repairs took most of Bridget's hoard for the flat. The rest of it Jack stole when he came home and found nobody there but Baby Nell.

When Kathleen got in from the factory that evening, her mother was sobbing in a corner. The cracked teapot was smashed in bits by the stove. There was no hoard. There would be no flat, no parlor.

It was in the papers—insignificant, five-line additions to the drunk and disorderly columns that one might reasonably hope would escape most eyes. But there was not a girl in Kathleen's workroom who had not read and reread it before the next night, and Kathleen knew they had.

It was the very worst time for any Phil Reardon to come into her life. Disgraced, her air castle broken bubbles, her companions snippy, her longings as intense as her sense of unmerited outrage,

half fed and overworked, and her mother too absorbed in her own misery, too desperately tired out to see how it was with her daughter, she was far beyond refusing any sort of relief that came her way.

She took to going out nights and staying out till ten, till half past, till eleven. She was with Sophia, she told her mother briefly; and Bridget, who liked Sophia and knew none of the stories about her, paid no more heed. And though with Sophia were generally Mr. Phil Reardon and some friend of his, for a time nothing very iniquitous followed. They walked the streets, giggled on corners, went to nickelodeons and a cheap show or two, and one night down the harbor in an excursion boat. In a shadow behind a pile of life preservers Phil Reardon kissed Kathleen for the first time. He could not have told why he had not done it before. But the same reason that somehow had kept him back so long kept him now from worse—for a while at least. And for a few short weeks Kathleen thought she was entering heaven. If only she had had a parlor for him to come to, she would have been sure that heaven was about her.

To do Sophia credit, during these days and evenings she was never far out of sight or hearing. She knew Phil Reardon too well to leave him alone with any "innercent, believin' little ladybird." Some things were not as dreadful to Sophia as they might have been, for instance, to Bridget; but she had her own code, and Phil Reardon she was determined should not make her break it. Partly because she was afraid she might and partly because Kathleen did not know how to waltz, she had not been to a dance for all these days.



But Phil Reardon knew Sophia quite as well as she knew him, and presently Kathleen was coaxing her for dancing lessons. At first she refused, but the girl's pleadings and her own desires joined to Phil's offer to do it himself made her give in. Two weeks later a wildly radiant Kathleen O'Rourke was clinging to Mr. Phil Reardon's arm as he whirled her round and round to the strains of an intoxicating waltz played by Casey's orchestra in Benda's Tap.

Benda's Tap was more respectable than it sounds. One paid to go in and there was no urging of drinks. The place was shut up soon after twelve. Mostly the men and girls came in couples. There was nothing on the surface to startle or trouble Kathleen. It was the only dance place she knew which Sophia regarded as not unfit for Mrs. O'Rourke's daughter. She had insisted upon going there and nowhere else. She had insisted, too, that Bridget's permission should be obtained. Bridget afterward realized that she did not exactly know where or what the dance was to be. But the starry-eyed, blissfully tired girl who came home that night made her forget the questions she might have asked. She contented herself with a general warning not to get too fly or be bothering her head over the boys too much, and went to sleep praying the saints the child might have a better lot than had come to her, while Kathleen lay awake till nearly morning, rapturously reviewing each minute of the wonderful evening, whispering again and again Phil's last low words as he stole a kiss almost from under the eyes of the vigilant Sophia.



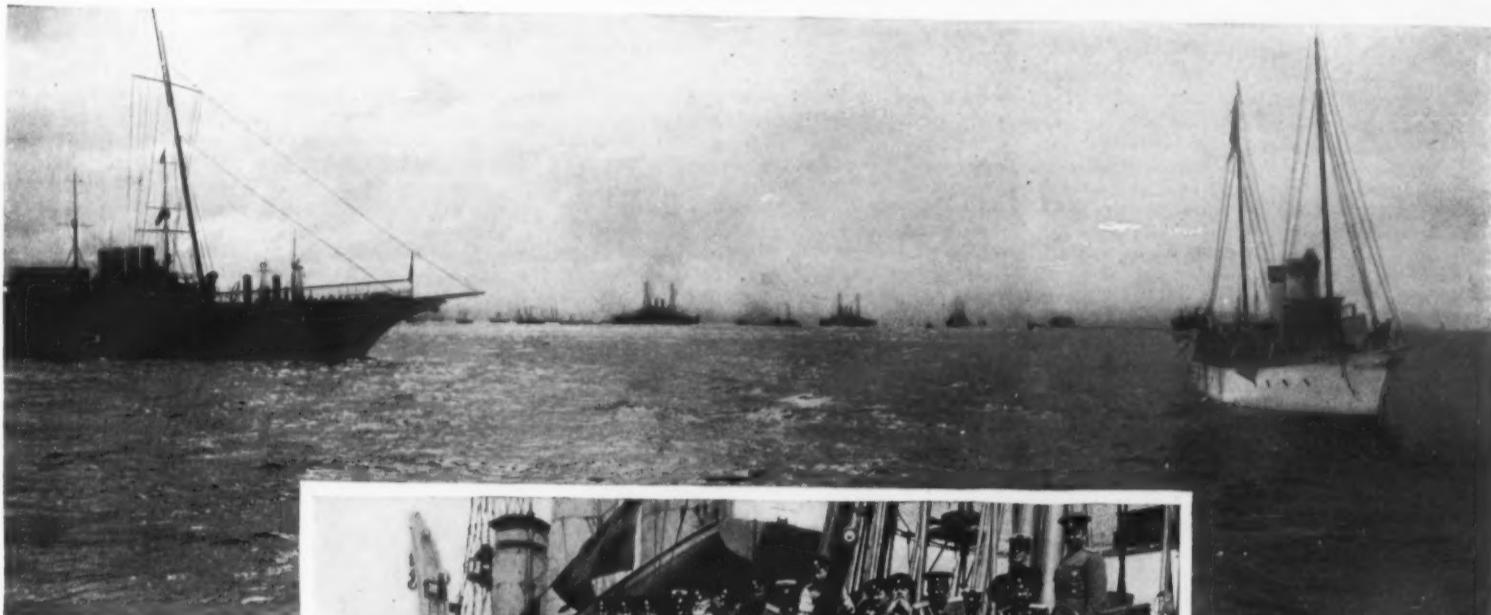
But Sophia, alas! forgot to stay vigilant. The joy of the dance swept up from her feet to her brain once more, and under its delirium she forgot Kathleen as she had so often forgotten herself. It was all the more disastrous to Kathleen, because upon her, too, the music, the rhythm, the encircling arms, the flushed eyes looking into hers, the hot, bad air worked their maddest spell. It not only made her forget, as Sophia forgot, but it filled her with tumultuous wildness, with unnamed longings, with riotous disregard of restraint. For a while, however, she did keep clear of drink, refusing even a sip of Phil's beer.

But one night it was hotter than ever. The place was crowded to suffocation. The music sounded madder and madder in her ears. The ice clinked in Phil's glass. Sophia had recklessly swallowed two mugs of beer and something that was sticky and iced and thick-smelling. Kathleen gave in. It was only one small mug of beer, but the sudden, queer lightness that puffed in her brain after it was very like what happens on taking off the lid of a boiling tea kettle. The bubbling, surging emotions within her steamed up and up

(Continued on page 72.)

JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

# The Camera's Story of the Week



THE AMERICAN FLEET

The black yacht on the left is the "Neva" with the Russian Minister of Marine on board. This picture was taken on June 11, last.

AT CRONSTADT, RUSSIA.

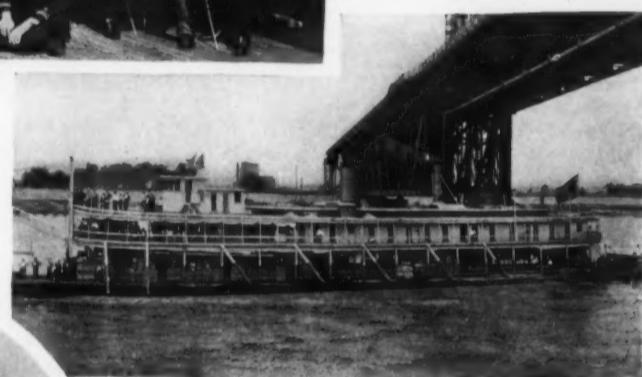
The white yacht on the right is the "Roxana" with the Russian Minister of Finance on board. A royal reception was given the American sailors.



PHOTO DALMATOB  
Russian Military  
Science League on  
the "Louisiana"  
during the Ameri-  
can fleet's visit to  
Russia.



SOCIOLOGICAL CONFERENCE, SAGAMORE BEACH, MASS.  
Two hundred and fifty social workers attended, the speakers including Victor Berger, Socialist member of Congress, and Emil Seidel, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee.



MISSOURI AGAIN A NAVIGABLE RIVER.  
Converted funnel-type steamer "Chester," supposed to solve the problem of shallow-water navigation, approaching Kansas City.



TO BE SHOWN AT THE ASTORIA (ORE.) EXPOSITION, AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 9.

Gill-netters at work at Astoria. Visitors to the exposition will see some of the largest salmon fisheries and canneries in the world.



JOHN JACOB  
ASTOR,  
After whom the  
town was named.



A spruce tree, nine and one-half feet in diameter, one of the products for which Clatsop County, in which Astoria is situated, is famous.

# What Washington Is Doing

Inside Gossip of the Midsummer Session of Congress

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

**WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5th, 1911.**  
LETTERS and telegrams are pouring into the national capital from constituents everywhere, asking Congress to adjourn and give the country a rest. The writers argue that the President called the extra session for the enactment of Canadian reciprocity, primarily to lower the high cost of living. Nothing was said about Democratic campaign pledges, insurgent political thunder or a general ripping up of the tariff. The word from home is far from reassuring. If the prosperity of the nation is not to be seriously jeopardized, there must be a quick shift of scenes at Washington and a different play. Splendid crop prospects are reported to the congressmen, with every evidence of an era of prosperity in all lines of business. As long as there is tariff tinkering, conditions will be unsettled. All that now stands in the way of a great business revival and awakening and financial confidence is the long-drawn-out session of Congress.

**WHY CONGRESS SHOULD REED ADJOURN.**

Senator Smoot, of Utah, declared that he considered it positively wicked to enter upon an endless consideration of the tariff question at this time, when there is no hope of any legislation resulting from it and in the absence of a report from the tariff board. Senator Smoot said that there should be a vote on everything that is pending and as speedy an adjournment as possible. "The business interests want peace. This is no time to play politics," the Senator continued. "Just now merchants are planning their purchasing for the next season, and with the tariff under consideration they would be in doubt what to do, to bring about an adjournment."

**INSURGENT INSINCERITY.**

One of the most amazing performances was when some eighteen Republicans, who were elected as Republicans by Republican constituents, united with the Democratic minority in forcing upon the Senate the consideration of the so-called farmers' free list and woolen bills, tariff measures. The action of these Senators, who style themselves progressives, in uniting with the Democrats, has precluded any consideration of these bills by the Senate Finance Committee, while months should have been given the hearings and investigations of the salient features of the important proposed legislation. For instance, representatives of the ten million persons, more or less, whose very lives are affected by the wool-growing industry, were precluded by the action of the insurgents and Democrats from being heard. The insurgents professed an earnest desire to revise certain schedules because they needed revision. It has been well said that they later undertook to revise them primarily as a means of purchasing Democratic support with which to kill off Canadian reciprocity and injure Taft.

**MR. UNDERWOOD'S ADMISSION.**

There has not been heard a more significant Democratic utterance this session than when Representative Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, declared from the floor of the House of Representatives that "the Democratic party does not believe that any interest in this country is entitled primarily to the fostering care of the government of the United States." The statement brought rousing applause from the Democratic side. "It is a striking admission that the Democrats have no anxiety for the American producer," remarked an observer, "the American farmer or mill hand, American capital or industry. It simply wants cheap foreign products, regardless of their effect upon our market or our labor."

**SENATOR SMOOT'S COUP.**

Allowing for a slight advance in wages in England

ator Smoot, of Utah, caught the Democrats napping one day, with the result that they unwittingly agreed to have it printed as a public document. The digest describes in detail conditions in twenty-eight cities of the United States. It shows that, while the cost of living is somewhat higher in this country than in England and Wales, the difference in the amount of wages paid to the American workingman is very much greater than the difference he has to pay for the necessities of life. Using 100 as a unit of comparison, it appears that the ratio of weekly wages for certain occupations in the United States and England and Wales respectively, at the dates of the two inquiries, is 243 to 100 in the building trades, 213 to 100 in the engineering trades, 246 to 100 in the printing trades and 232 to 100 in all these trades together.

United States are not in politics. "If you were going to start a new bank in Philadelphia or elsewhere, how would you go about it?" he asks; and answers that the organizer would go to men who had influence, men who had capital, men who could assist in the starting and the growth of such an institution. It would make no difference whether these men were Republicans or Democrats, Prohibitionists or insurgents. The necessary knowledge would be of the character of the men who were invited to take stock in that institution. Mr. Vreeland doubts if there is a bank in the United States where every stockholder of it belongs to one political party. He says: "The comptroller of the currency to-day has only to point the finger of suspicion at almost any national bank in the United States to start a run upon it by its depositors.

Yet, even in the heat of a presidential election, did any one ever hear that the comptroller had used the vast powers of his office for political purposes?" Mr. Vreeland asks, "Did any one ever hear that the superintendent of the banks of a State, also clothed with great power, had used that power for political purposes? Any bank official or Federal official who was found guilty of such practices would be hurled from power by an indignant people at the first election." The banks keeps out of the political arena.

**A GOOD WORD FOR GOVERNOR DIX.**

A prominent business man remarked, if

some brainy Democratic busi-

ness man like Governor John

A. Dix, of New York, should

become the Democratic presi-

dential nominee next year,

he would attract more actual

business voters than any other

Democrat yet mentioned for

the nomination. If the Democrats should select Governor Dix, this man went on, there would be indecision among New York voters in the business and financial district if President Taft was to run against him, as both the New York executive and Mr. Taft are safe and sane with regard to matters commercial.

**WHICH, MR. LA FOLLETTE?**

The present tangled situation is a story that political Washington is enjoying. Senator Robert M. La Follette was finishing a lengthy speech to a Republican assemblage in Ohio, a few nights before the national election. He looked at his watch and remarked that it was nearly time to catch his train for Wisconsin—that he was going home to vote and must not be late. After he had told with much tenseness his eagerness to get home to cast his ballot, some one who had listened to him for two hours is said to have called out, "Which way are you going to vote, Senator—Democratic or Republican?"

**A CAPITOL POLICEMAN MOWED THE LAWN.**

Particularly appropriate in phases to the appearance of the swarm of Democratic petty office-seekers who flocked to Washington when the jobs changed hands. Every man who arrived seemed to believe he would land the most important position. His first letter home confided the fact that he was about to secure a chief clerkship. Seven days later it would be assistant clerk, a week from then something even more modest. Most likely the end of the month would find this same man running an elevator in the House office building and glad to get it. One of the best stories is of an individual, said to be one of Mr. Underwood's constituents, who wended his way to Washington from Alabama. He was a Democrat all right and needed the money. Finally the man landed the berth of policeman. He looked good in his uniform, but was green about his new duties. \*

"What should I do first?" he inquired of another older policeman.

"Your first work," said the other, and without the slightest authority, "is to get out there and mow that grass."

It was 104 in the shade, but the man from Alabama went to it without a word. He had the task nearly completed when a friendly soul took pity and told him that Capitol policemen were not supposed to keep the lawn trimmed.



**DESCENDANTS OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.**  
Gathered in Philadelphia from all over the country to meet in Independence Hall, July 4. Officers in front, from left to right: Miss Watson, Mrs. Mary May, Mrs. Warren Fisher, Major Moses Veale, Dr. Henry Morris (president), J. S. Hooper, Dr. George Washington Dame (chaplain), Mrs. Amos D. Draper, Henry W. Bache, John S. Braxton, H. Morris Husband.

We should work

and Wales between the dates of the two inquiries, the combined ratio would be something like 230 to 100.

**OUR WORKINGMEN LIVE BETTER.**

Pursuing further the report of the London Board of Trade investigation commission, it shows that the weekly hours of labor were found to be eleven per cent. shorter in the building trades in the United States than in England and Wales, seven per cent. shorter in the printing trades, but six per cent. longer in the engineering trades. The consumption of meat and vegetables in the United States is much larger. The budgets indicate, in general, that the dietary of American working families is more varied and more liberal than that of corresponding families in the United Kingdom. It shows, in other words, that the American workingman receives wages amounting to two and one-third as much as the wages paid in similar lines of employment in England and Wales and works fewer hours, while his expenditures for food and rent are only about fifty per cent. more than his British cousins have to pay. Furthermore, he enjoys a much more elaborate table and many conveniences and luxuries that are not known to the British workman.

**BANKS VERSUS POLITICS.**

Representative Vreeland, of

New York, vice-chairman of

the National Monetary Com-

mission, declares that to-day the banks of the

**The Romance of a Lingerie Hat.**

WITH a bow at the side, and a ruff of lace  
Coquettishly shading her beautiful face,  
A twist of blue ribbon, a fragment of lawn  
Like the gossamers spun by the spiders at dawn,  
And a crown of embroidery finer than silk;  
As cool as a frost-flower, and whiter than milk,  
Of a scrap or a remnant of this and of that,  
One morning she fashioned a lingerie hat.

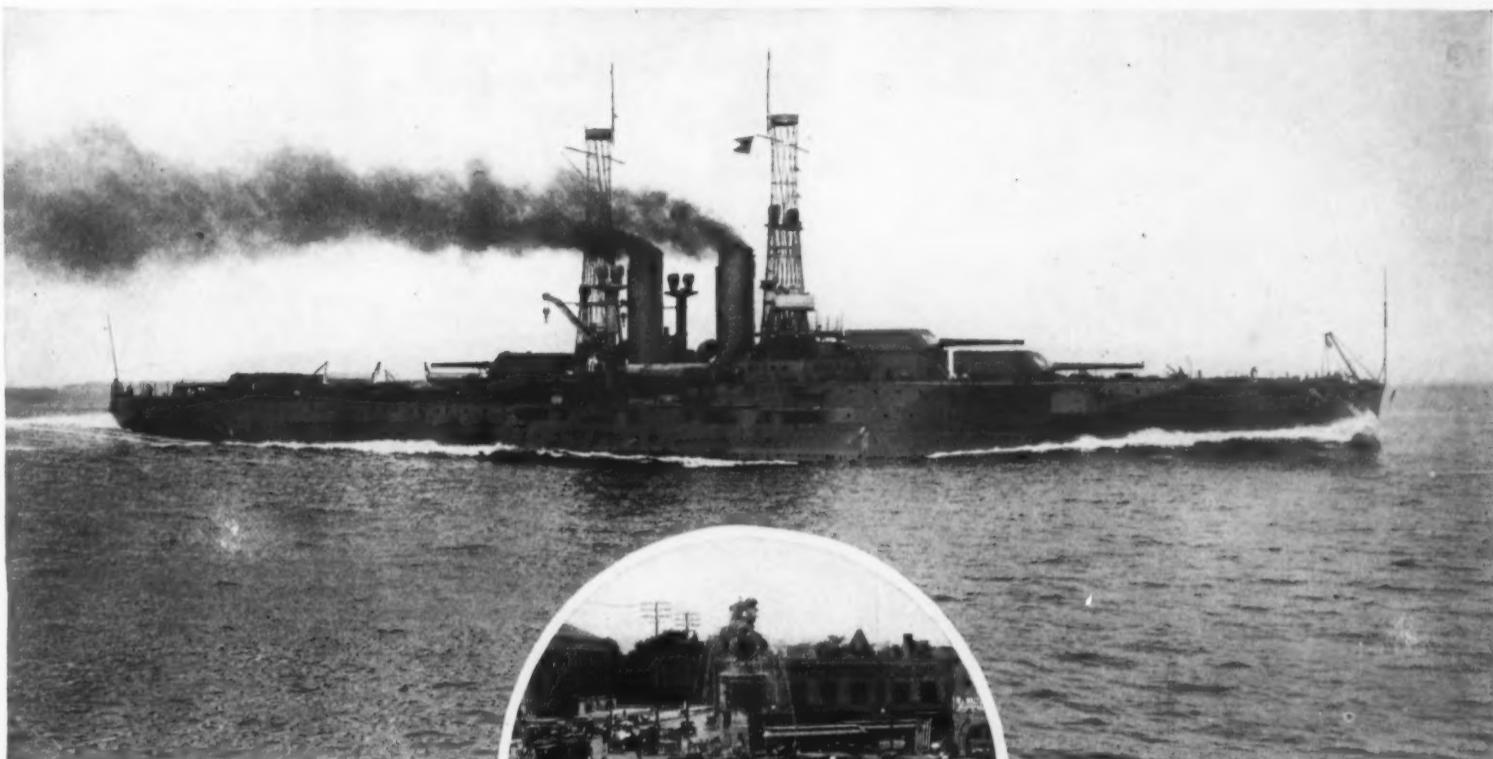
She paused at the mirror to pin it with care  
On the ringlets and braids of her bright golden hair,  
And forth she went joyously, bent on a stroll,  
A maid with the glamour of life in her soul.  
Her dress was of cotton and faded to view,  
But her face was as fresh as a rose in the dew,  
And many a heart beat a quick pit-a-pat  
At sight of the girl in the lingerie hat.

A youth with a million beheld her go by,  
And followed her home to the tenement high.  
He wooed her, and won her, and bore her away  
To a stately old mansion, all ivied and gray,  
And she moves on the crest of society now,  
With a diamond tiara ablaze on her brow,  
But though it is yellow, and crumpled, and flat,  
She cherishes fondly the lingerie hat.

MINNA IRVING.

WEEKLY  
g

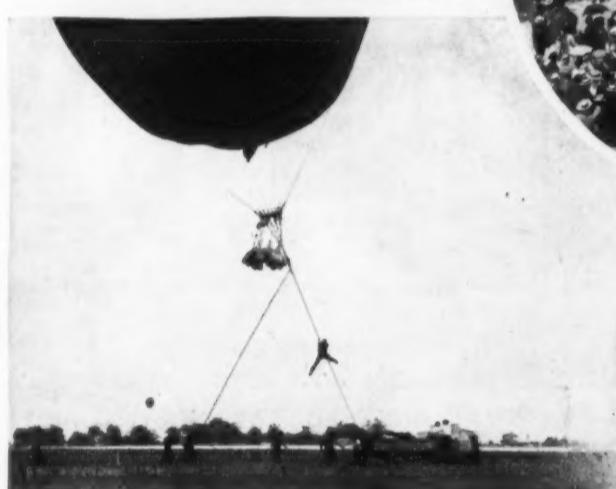
# The Wide World in Pictures



**NEW BATTLESHIP "UTAH"**  
This monster Dreadnought, latest addition to the navy, making her the fastest American battleship afloat.



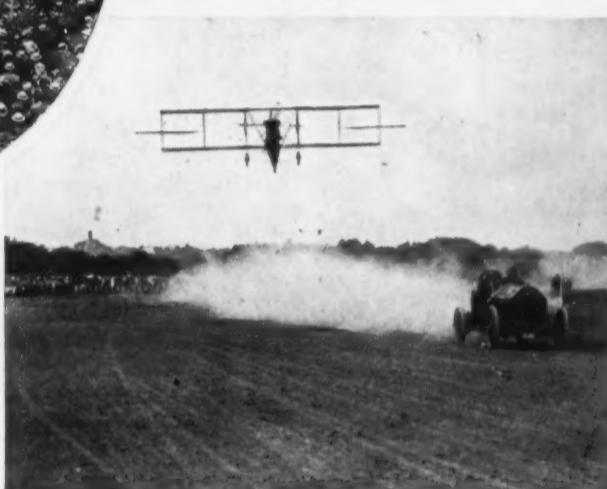
**ON HER RECENT TRIAL TRIP.**  
made more than twenty-one and one-half knots per hour, battleship of her class afloat.



**TRYING TO HAUL A BALLOON BY MOTOR TRUCK.**  
An unsuccessful "stunt" by the Indiana Society of Chicago on their recent pilgrimage to Indianapolis. George Ade is the president of the society.

**UNVEILING OF THE PIONEER MONUMENT AT DENVER, JUNE 24.**

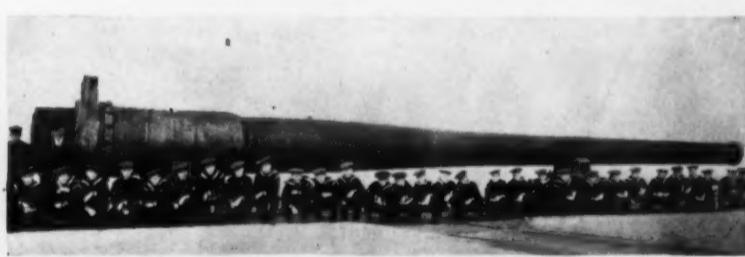
This monument was described in the issue of Leslie's Weekly for July 6.



**BEACHEY IN BIPLANE RACING AN AUTOMOBILE.**  
One of the features of the recent aviation meet at Readville, Mass. On the same day at Waltham, Ovington in a monoplane chased and sailed around a balloon.



**COLLEGE GIRLS WHO CAN ROW.**  
One of the famous Wellesley College crews on Lake Waban. Wellesley is noted for the athletic prowess of its fair students.



**MOST POWERFUL GUN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.**  
Fourteen-inch weapon with which the new Dreadnoughts "New York" and "Texas" will be armed. It is fifty-three feet, six inches long and weighs sixty-five tons.



**DENVER'S (COL.) JAP BASEBALL TEAM.**  
The Mikado nine, a fast aggregation of players, known all through their State.



**LOCOMOTIVE THAT CARRIES A LIFE-PRESERVER.**  
This engine runs eight miles into the Pacific, on the government jetty at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon.

# The Three Magnificent Structures the Government Will Build



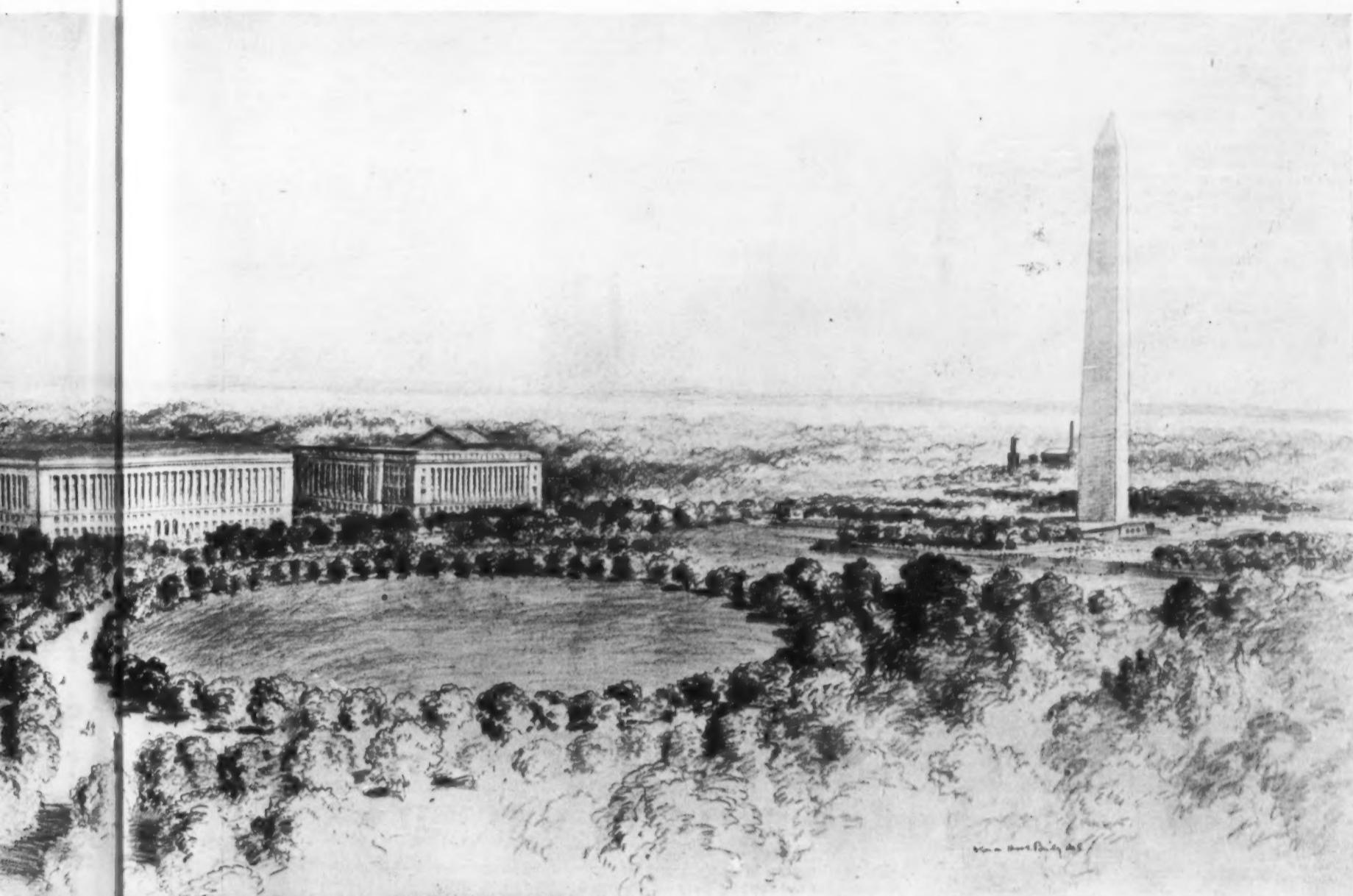
THE PROPOSED STATE, JUSTICE, AND COMMERCE AND LABOR BUILDINGS.



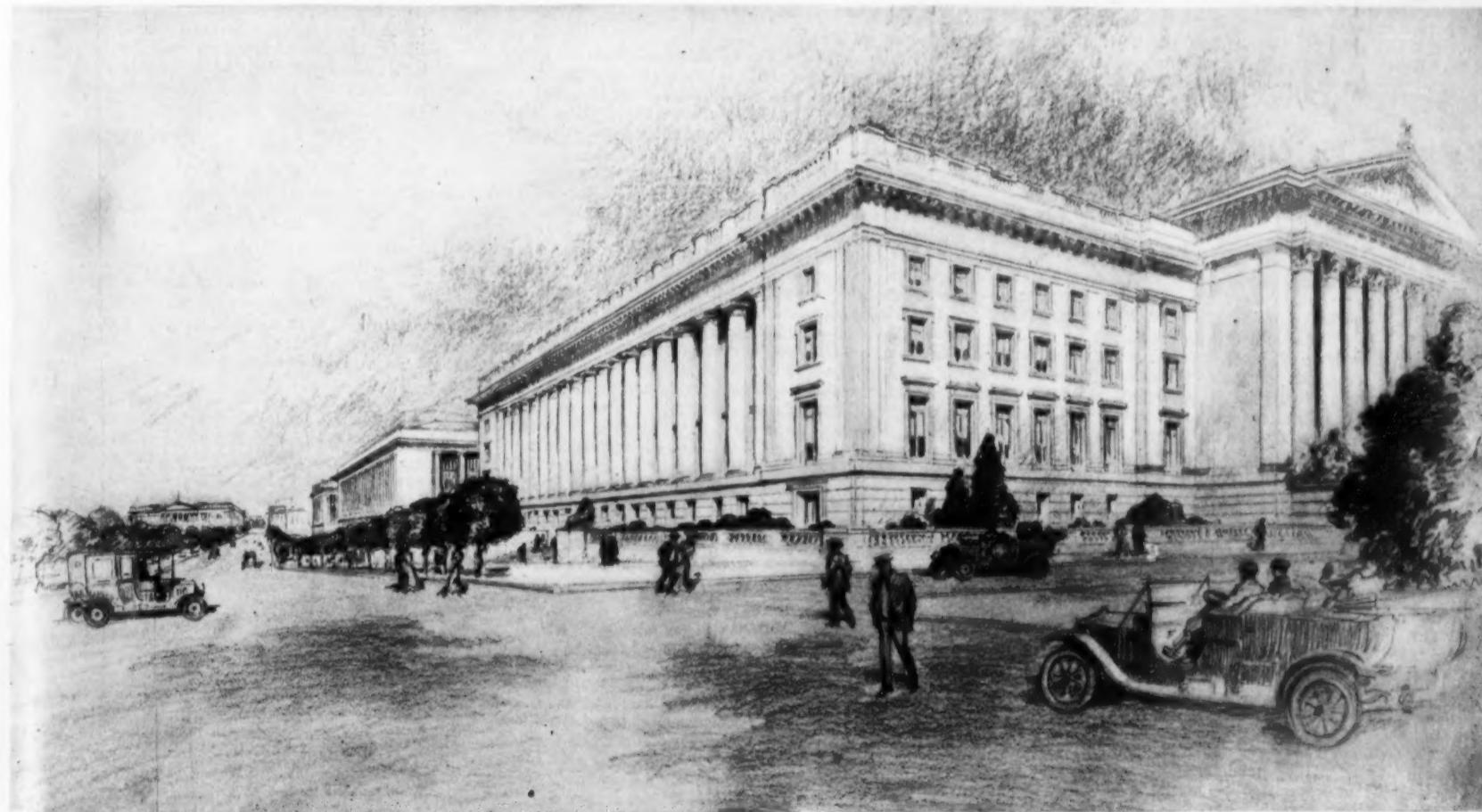
VIEW LOOKING SOUTH. PROPOSED DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING IN FOREGROUND.

The simultaneous erection of these three magnificent structures in the National Capital will be one of the greatest building projects the world has ever seen. Civic pride aroused as never before crystallized in the erection of these buildings when Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh invited sixty of the leading architects of the country to submit plans, twenty for each building. Probably the twenty best sets cost their authors more than \$1,000 apiece, and the rest an average of \$500. The drawings themselves, therefore, represented an expenditure of \$40,000, which outlay falls upon the architects and is not borne by the government. It is

# the Government Is to Erect in Washington



COMMERCE AND LABOR DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS. GENERAL VIEW.



VIEW LOOKING NORTH. PROPOSED STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING IN FOREGROUND.

one of the few times in the history of the world when a group of such importance has been conceived and studied as a whole, each individual building subordinating itself to the group. It is this, rather than the expenditure of \$8,000,000, which makes the project remarkable. The White House is shown in the extreme left in the drawing at the top; in front of it is the Treasury; directly across to the south (right) is the proposed Department of Justice building (Donn Barber, architect), the Commerce and Labor structure (York and Sawyer, architects), and finally, nearest the Washington Monument, the State Department building (Arnold W. Brunner, architect).

# Holding a Watch on the President

Scan the Labors of Mr. Taft for a Single Day and See If You Would Care to Trade Places with Him

By ARTHUR C. JOHNSON

**D**ID YOU ever pause to contemplate what must be the responsibilities of the chief executive of a nation of ninety million population? More than that, have you ever thought what a crushing demand there must be on his time, day in and day out? A person who has not had the opportunity of being intimately associated with the President of the United States has not the slightest conception of the real answer to these questions. It is doubtful if Mr. Taft's routine has ever been put on paper in such a fashion, but to show what he actually goes through each twenty-four hours, we have followed him on a typical working day. Mind you, it is selected at random. Here is the way Mr. Taft spent a certain Monday not long ago:

7.00 Arose and shaved himself.  
7.15 Dressed.  
7.30 Exercised in gymnasium with medicine ball.  
8.00 Breakfast.  
8.30 Arrived at Executive Offices.

8.35 Started to answer about forty letters which required the President's personal attention. Some days as high as 1,000 letters are received at the White House offices, addressed either to the President or Secretary Hilles.

10.00 Informal reception to constituents of Senators and Representatives and other visitors to meet the President. Was introduced to and talked with one hundred or more callers from every section of the country. Shook hands and had a particular word with each one.

10.30 Congressmen began to call. Within two hours the President granted an individual audience to Senator Lodge of Massachusetts; Senator Townsend of Michigan; Senator Curtis of Kansas; Senator Stone of Missouri; Senator Stephen of Wisconsin; Senator Smoot of Utah; Senator Bacon of Georgia; Senator Kern of Indiana; Senator Burton of Ohio; Senator Warren of Wyoming; Representative Crumpacker of Indiana; Representative Moss of Indiana; Representative Bates of Pennsylvania; Representative Longworth of Ohio; Representative Flood of Virginia; Representative Hill of Connecticut; and Representative Legare of South Carolina. This is a minimum number of callers from the Capitol. One day the President saw seventy-one Senators and Representatives mostly on separate official matters. At these conferences every known subject is discussed from Canadian Reciprocity to the appointment of a postmaster at Romney, Texas.

11.45 A group of theatrical celebrities playing at a local theater came. A representative of the Washington American League Baseball Club called to introduce a favorite player. A champion long-distance walker appeared on the scene to shake

hands with the President. Resumed office work.  
12.00 Received the Attorney-General.  
12.15 Talked with Mr. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior.

12.30 Made an appointment to receive the new Mexican Ambassador. Autographed four photographs and possibly thirty cards. Talked a few minutes each with possibly fifteen visitors on various public matters upon which the President was expected to act.

of Arizona and New Mexico. They wanted to find if he had any objection to being relieved of the duty of approving or disapproving the constitutions of the two new states.

1.30 Listened to arguments pertaining to the proposed pardoning of Walsh and Morse, the convicted bankers. More appointments. Telegraphs an expression of his personal sympathy to the relatives of victims of a mine disaster near Scranton, Pa., and wires an offer of assistance from the American

the dead of the Spanish war, in Washington, D. C., called to invite the President to be present. He said he hoped that he might be able to attend.

3.05 Addressed one hundred veterans, survivors of the District of Columbia Volunteers of 1861.

3.25 Two new United States Senators—Reed of Missouri and Myers of Montana, a former Missouri man—were introduced to the President by Senator Stone. The President shook hands with ex-Judge George E. Reynolds of Brooklyn, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The President wrote to Judge Reynolds at the time congratulating him. Later, discussed the appointment of a new American Ambassador to Turkey.

3.50 Started for Chevy Chase Club, accompanied by Lucien Wheeler and James Sloan, Jr., of the Secret Service. Goffed with Major Butt.

5.00 Returned to Executive Offices. Sent this message to his Imperial Majesty, the Shah of Persia:

In connection with the celebration of the new year I avail myself of this occasion to offer to your Majesty my sincerest congratulations and my best wishes for your happiness and the prosperity of the Persian empire.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT.

6.00 Received Washington correspondents of the metropolitan newspapers for an informal discussion of current affairs for the press at the White House. This meeting usually takes place in the Cabinet Room and there are usually about thirty heads of important news-bureaus present. There are upwards of 300 newspaper correspondents in Washington and it would not be possible for the President to receive these gentlemen collectively any more than it would be to greet the House of Representatives in a body.

6.30 Perused confidential bulletins submitted to him by Secretary Knox, of the Department of State, regarding the Mexican situation.

7.00 Considered matters pertaining to the proposed new Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain. Within a short space of time considerably over 1,000 letters and telegrams have been sent to the President on this subject.

7.30 Dressed for dinner.

7.45 Dinner. (More guests.)

8.15 Attended opera accompanied by Mrs. Taft and Major Butt.

10.15 Left theater at end of second act to speak at a banquet.

11.15 Called on hosts and hostesses who were giving a dinner dance for Miss Helen Taft. Looked in on dancers and shook hands with each guest.

11.30 Bed.

So, if you are dissatisfied with your working hours, try some such schedule as this. When you are sufficiently trained for that amount of work, write to us. This, as we said in the beginning, is routine. We might be able to outline to you one of the President's real busy days.



PHOTO HARRIS & EWING

THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY HILLES.

Each afternoon when the grounds are not in shape for golfing Mr. Taft takes a walk. Left to right: Mr. Wheeler of the Secret Service, Mr. Hilles, Mr. Jervis of the Secret Service, the President, Major Archibald W. Butt.

1.00 Sent this message to His Majesty, the King of the Belgians:

On this anniversary of your Majesty's birth I offer to you my cordial congratulations and at the same time convey to you the expression of the good will that this government and people bear to your country and their wishes for its continued prosperity.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT.

1.20 Representative Flood of Virginia, chairman of the House Committee on Territories, and Representative Houston of the same committee, called to discuss with the President the question of statehood

Red Cross Society to the chairman of the Red Cross Committee at Scranton. Two delegations appeared, one to advocate the nomination of Percy C. Henninghausen for Commissioner of Immigration at Baltimore, and the other advocated Bertie Stump, the present Assistant Commissioner.

2.00 Entertained several guests at luncheon at which important matters of state were discussed.

2.30 Shook hands in the East Room with forty Baptist Ministers of Baltimore. He also greeted eighty school girls of Adelphi College, Brooklyn; a party of high school pupils from New Bedford, Massachusetts, accompanied by Representative Greene, and a party from the academy at Fryeburg, Maine, accompanied by Senator Frye.

3.00 A committee for the celebration of a mass for

## The Finger of Scorn

(Continued from page 6.)

and burst out of her eyes, her cheeks, her parted lips.

When Benda's Tap closed, the men had little difficulty in persuading the two girls to go to Jake's Hall, round the corner, where a crazy fiddle and shrieking cornet marked time for twenty couples for two hours more. But the night air, followed by the offensive, stale atmosphere at Jake's and the sight of two drunken women, sent the reckless lightness out of Kathleen's head and brought Sophia's forgetfulness back to memory. The fun was gone, and, subdued and somewhat frightened, they dragged the men away.

But the first break had been made. A week or so later one mug of beer became two, and in Dennison's Hole, where they went one holiday eve from Benda's, Kathleen had something that Reardon called a cordial. If the dance had been wild at Benda's, it was an orgy of madness here. But Kathleen no longer cared. The alcohol did not in the least affect her feet, unless to make them go faster and more furiously, and she leaned on Reardon like an irresponsible, delirious young Bacchante. Reardon himself had been drinking his brain on fire, till there was burnt to ashes the last shred of reluctance to work his will on the untried girl in his arms. He muttered to the man with Sophia, and more liquid flames were ordered for both girls.

What happened after that, Kathleen only realized in patches. Some one danced on a table. Whether it was she or Sophia or that green-eyed girl in the yellow skirt, she was never sure. She lost Sophia after that. But Reardon told her not to mind, Schnurr had taken her home, and as soon as they had drunk each other's health he'd take her home, too. So the scorching, serpentine, liquid streak went down her throat—and all was blank to her, except a whiff of momentary, swift, cool air, the slam of a door, a jolting over cobblestones, and hot cheeks and lips against hers. Nothing else till the jolting ceased with a jerk. Then more fresh, pungent, river-soaked air, a flight of steps she seemed all eternity in mounting, a black door

that opened into a hall, close and dim and full of a queer, heavy perfume that suddenly made her so ghastly dizzy that she clung frantically to somebody. Was that somebody Reardon or a tall, unknown woman who appeared from nowhere before her? Kathleen could not tell. She heard a strange, metallic voice cry out, "Phil Reardon! She's drunk!" And then consciousness stopped entirely. Only a big, black void swam before her eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

At home, in the room that was half underground, Bridget O'Rourke slept till half-past twelve. Uneasily she dozed for half an hour longer, even in her snatches of sleep listening for the turn of the door knob. For the rest of the night she watched with wide-staring eyes that minute by minute grew darker with horror. Kathleen had been late before—far too late, she realized with a shudder. But only once had the factory clock struck two before her step had come round the corner. And now it was three, and half past, and four, and still she was not there. Bridget sprang out of bed and tore open the alley door. From the window to the door, into the alley, till half-past four, Bridget hardly paused in her zigzag course, except to wring her hands in front of a little, broken corner shrine, her lips moving with words that would not come. Then suddenly her mouth creased into a straight line. Noiselessly she prepared the children's breakfast and got on her hat and coat. She knew there was no place but the floor at Sophia's for Kathleen to sleep on, but still there was the chance, if she had been taken sick—or anything. She would not think an inch ahead as she scuttled down one alley and up another and across the Bowery.

Sophia herself opened the door. Even in her own anxiety and terror, Bridget felt a wave of horror at the appearance of the Polish girl.

"Where—where's Kathleen?"

Sophia's white lips parted and she hung on the door as if her feet had been struck from under her. "I—I don't know," she whispered.

"Don't know!" Bridget's Irish voice

rose in a scream and her hands dropped in shaking vises on the girl's shoulders. "Don't know! Why don't ye know? Where'd ye leave her?"

Under the screwing hands Sophia fell a sobbing heap to the floor, and then Bridget had the truth, so far as Sophia knew it.

Then Bridget's questions broke into a terrible cry. "But, Mother of Mercy!" she shrieked, and her hands clutched the girl's shoulders to the bone, "it's morning! The night's gone! And what's it done with my girl?"

Sophia buried her face to shut out those terrible eyes. "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know!" she sobbed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hours later Bridget sat huddled before her cold, cheerless stove, an open letter pinched in one hand, her eyes vacant, unseeing, yet tense and strained, as if, however oblivious to her immediate surroundings, they might pierce all voids of distance. She had found the letter on her return from the desperate chase with Sophia from one dance hall and saloon to another. It was an utterly futile chase, without one hint of Reardon or Kathleen at the end. What to do next she did not know. There were the police, and there was the mighty aldermanic cousin whom she had not seen for years. Also there was the priest at St. Agatha's. But to put her daughter's case into the hands of any one of these men! Bridget had sunk into her chair in a condition that precluded definite, consecutive thought, her whole being one quaking horror that was made up of shame and fear and self-condemnation and desperation.

Scarcely noting the contents at first, she read the letter from the cousin in Ireland, the prosperous cousin who lived in the white house by Queenstown, where Bridget had stayed the last night before she had left the old country.

It told of the death of the mother, the addition of two new fields and the difficulty of getting help because everybody went to America. And it went on to say how the cousin wondered if things were going so well with them there in the great city that they could not be

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persuaded to come back and live in the cottage all together, sharing work and profits. For there were profits in supplying the Queenstown market and if they could use the two new fields there would be more. When all this, with its sardonic lateness of delivery, had finally made itself clear to Bridget's distraught brain, she flung her apron over her head and rocked her body back and forth in an agony that was the culmination of all the agonies of all the years of her married life.

She did not hear the steps down the alley. She scarcely noticed the turn of the knob, till the shutting of the door brought her suddenly upright to face a tall, heavily veiled woman, who stood there before her with her hand on Kathleen's arm.

"Mother of Mercy!" whispered Bridget, swaying unsteadily, unbelievably. And then, with a cry that caught choking in her throat, she sprang forward and gathered her daughter close.

"But you'll not be wantin' me, maybe." Kathleen's words first broke through the sobs, and she looked up at the tall woman who had stood silent, unmoving, only her eyes behind the thick, speckled veil noting every inch of the squalid room and of the worn working woman weeping over her child.

"It's her that brought me back." Kathleen drew away from her mother's arms and a flood of crimson poured deep over her gray-white face. "And—and she didn't have to. And—maybe—you'll not be thankin' her—when you know the—things I've done."

Whether it was the woman who first made her understand what had been or whether it was the halting, sobbing interjections of Kathleen, Bridget never knew. But when she comprehended it in full—the dance hall and the drink and Kathleen's condition when Reardon dragged her up the steps into the scented dimness back of the black door—then Bridget O'Rourke's throat broke into a gasping, strangling sob and she bowed her head on her knees.

For a moment the woman's glance grew harder. She was not over-used to

(Continued on page 77.)

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JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

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# Chief Blackhawk Back in Illinois

Again the Famous Indian Warrior Surveys His Historic Hunting Grounds

By ROBERT H. MOULTON



STATUE OF BLACKHAWK, FAMOUS ILLINOIS INDIAN.  
Made in concrete, the first time this material has been used for such a purpose.



AN INDIAN DESCENDANT OF BLACKHAWK.

Dr. Charles E. Eastman who made an address at the unveiling ceremonies.

PHOTO R. H. MOULTON

BY THE magic of the sculptor, Lorado Taft, Blackhawk, of early Illinois fame, has come back a second time to overlook his former dominion from the cliffs of the Rock River. What may become one of the most famous statues in the world was unveiled, July 1st, on a lofty promontory near Oregon, Ill. The promontory, 250 feet above the swirling current of the river, commands a view that includes miles of fertile valley and the hills beyond; and the memorial statue, forty-eight feet high, not including the huge base, will be a conspicuous object of interest to all who ever visit the vicinity of Oregon.

The sculptor is Lorado Taft and the statue has been in process of making three years. Mr. Taft conceived the idea of building an elaborate American memorial, which would be as enduring as the Pyramids or the rocks of the Druids, several years ago. While on a European trip he saw a number of

statues, made of concrete, taken from the ruins of the Roman Pantheon. With the process in mind, it was not long before an adequate subject presented itself. For thirteen years he has had his summer home and studio at Eagle's Nest, on the Rock River. Standing for the hundredth time at the highest point of the cliff and looking south at the land and river, he never failed to remember that it was from here that Blackhawk was finally driven out of Illinois. So he decided to bring back the famous Indian chief in concrete and let him survey once more, and for all time if possible, his former domain.

So far concrete has not been applied to the art of real sculpture in modern times. Foundations and pergolas and outdoor architecture to which artistic scrolls and designs are added have been made of it. Temporary figures have been erected at exhibitions, in which some form of concrete has been used

haphazardly. But nothing of a pretentious character was ever attempted with this material. It is utilitarian concrete, however, which has unlocked the door to a future which it is hoped will make the statue of Blackhawk overtake the Sphinx in age by enduring after time has effaced that grim figure.

Although Mr. Taft's statue was built with the idea of commemorating Blackhawk and his people, the figure was not inspired by any portrait of the famous Rock River chief. The face of the statue is purely ideal—a composite of various Indian tribes. There is even a trace of the old Roman in the face, which was necessary to make it suggest a spirit unconquered while still the conqueror. All of the usual Indian trappings, such as feathers, buckskin and other conventional signs, have been left off. As Mr. Taft expresses it, the sculptor's greatest joy is to be suggestive rather than direct. The site for the

statue was determined by placing a rough, twenty-foot model in different spots and viewing it from many points. By this means it was demonstrated that the height and distances were so great that a statue of twenty feet would be too small, so it was decided to enlarge it to more than twice this size and put it on the most prominent part of the cliff.

Bedrock for the foundation was struck at thirteen feet. Here the top of a natural ledge of stone was reached. The ledge is thirty feet deep and is formed of a succession of stones which have the appearance of being built artificially as they show on the river bluff.

The statue contains 2,275 cubic feet and its total weight, including the foundations, is 536,770 pounds. The total maximum of wind pressure acting on the statue was figured by the consulting engineers to be 28,980 pounds, and the overturning effort of wind pressure 673,785 foot pounds.

## A Lesson the South Has Taught

AN APPRECIATIVE reader, writing from Atlanta, Ga., to LESTER'S, says: "At the close of the war the Southern people asked that they be left alone to settle the negro question. The amendments to the Constitution stood in the way. Every time it was proposed to enforce these amendments, a new spirit of revolt arose in the South. Steadily and sturdily the people and the press of the South opposed every demand for the passage of a force bill by Congress. They promised, if left alone, to take care of the negro question to the satisfaction of the people." He adds:

What followed? The South has kept its word. It has done its part in the restoration of peace and a return of prosperity. Those who insist that the law must always be enforced, no matter whether its enforcement is for the best interests of the people, should remember the lesson the South has taught in the settlement of the negro question.

Wonderful has been the growth and the development of the Southern States since the hysterical waving of the bloody shirt and the clamor for a force bill have ceased. As the country permitted the South to settle the negro question in spite of the constitutional amendments, so let the administration at Washington permit every law-abiding corporation and railroad to continue its business unmolested by the constant menace of attack under the Sherman anti-trust law, or of new and hostile legislation.

We commend these words of soberness and common sense to the people of this country and especially to our lawmakers at Washington and at the various State capitals. The business interests of this country demand peace. The people are tired of the outbreaks of demagogues and muck-rakers. Now that the United States Supreme Court, in its famous trust decisions, has declared that the drastic Sherman anti-trust law must be enforced in the light of reason, just as

constitutional amendments affecting the negro question have been enforced, let Reason have its opportunity. Let there be an end to the constant threat of destructive penalties for offenses committed at a time when every one was offending.

Give the industries and railways a chance to set their houses in order in obedience to the mandate of the court. Let them go on with their business without further threat of molestation as long as they obey the statutes. Do this for the millions of workmen, clerks, laborers and all the vast army of bread-winners and consumers on whose welfare the prosperity of the country depends.

The South besought the people of the North to let it settle the negro problem in its own way. It protested against the enforcement of the constitutional amendments by the use of the army and

navy, backed by the power of the Federal courts. After a bitter struggle the South won. It settled its problem peacefully. It has remained settled ever since. Sticklers for the strictest enforcement of the constitutional amendments reluctantly gave up their fight.

Nothing has been heard from them since. Now the railroads and the great industrial interests of the country, the bankers and the business men are making a similar plea to be let alone. They promise obedience to the law. They ask that the errors of the past be overlooked, that the country may start on a new era of prosperity, far surpassing anything in its history. Why not repeat the experiment the nation tried so successfully in the South? Why not consign the muck-rakers and trust-busters to the oblivion to which the demagogues of the bloody shirt were sent forty years ago?

# Resting in the Great Northwest

Take a rest this summer—outdoors in the Great Northwest. Resting is doing something different—something that will ginger you up and start the red blood racing through your veins.

Climb mountains, explore glaciers, match your skill against gamey trout in the Flathead, the Kootenai, the Skykomish. Seek repose in pine laden valleys on the shores of deep, cool lakes.

Rest awhile at the "Three Swiss Chalets"—at Belton, in the Rockies—at Hayden Lake, in the Coeur d' Alene National Forest Reserve, at Scenic Hot Springs, in the Cascades. *Enjoy Your Home Land—See America First.*

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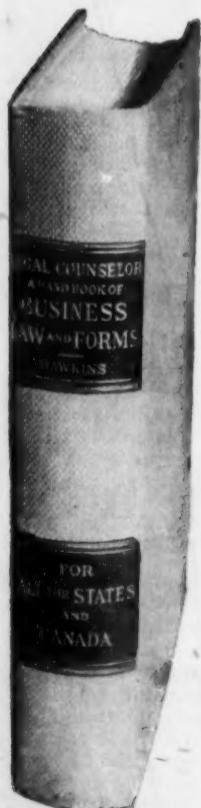


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BOY SCOUTS WHO MARCHED FROM TROY, N. Y., TO NEW YORK.

Carrying a message from Editor James H. Potts, of the Troy (N. Y.) "Times," to the editor of Leslie's Weekly, eleven Boy Scouts tramped from Troy to New York the last week in June. They were accoutered in regulation uniform and carried blankets and ponchos and camped out on the road, buying and cooking their food in true Boy Scout fashion. They made the march in seven days, averaging twenty miles a day, although on one day they did thirty-six miles. After presenting their letter to the editor of Leslie's they inspected the publishing offices and the Charles Schweiner Press where Leslie's Weekly is printed. They were also presented to Mayor Gaynor at the City Hall. The total distance traveled was about 148 miles.

## Colorado's Thirty-five Years.

EVERY year, on August 1st, the fraternity called the Sons of Colorado celebrates the anniversary of the advent of their State; but this year the observances, as planned, will be especially elaborate and interesting. After attempts extending over many years, Colorado was admitted to statehood on August 1st, 1876. The coming anniversary, therefore, will be its thirty-fifth, and preparations are under way to make the country take note of it. Not only will the Sons of Colorado take part in it, but the other societies of men from other States who reside in that commonwealth will participate. Colorado has had an interesting history. A large part of it originally belonged to the Territory of Kansas, which, as organized in 1854, repealed the Missouri Compromise and this killed the Whig party and sent the anti-slavery elements of the Northern electorate into the coalition which adopted the name of the Republican party.

Between 1864 and its actual admission, Colorado made several attempts to gain statehood and in the last one, that which was successful, the Democrats lent a hand, on the assumption that it would be carried by them. It entered just in time to give its electoral vote to Hayes, without which he would have been defeated and Tilden have become President. Very few of all the States grew faster than Colorado. With a population of 799,000 in 1910, it increased forty-eight per cent. in the decade, the growth of the entire continental portion of the United States in that time having been, twenty-one per cent. It stands thirty-third on the roll of the fifty-two States and Territories. Its leading town, Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains," is one of the most attractive spots in the country. Its population in 1910 was 213,000, it gained fifty-nine per cent. in the ten years and is twenty-seventh in rank among the country's municipalities.

Although the greatest gold producer in the country and also a large producer of silver, lead, zinc and other minerals, those are surpassed in value by the output of its fields, orchards and cattle ranges. The celebration on August 1st next, at a time when Colorado has many thousands of tourists, will attract national attention.

## Sober Second Thought.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE and his so-called insurgent associates who are trying to pull the reciprocity chair from under President Taft are making a mistake. The sole purpose of the insurgents is to get out of the hole in which they were placed by the President when he announced a reciprocity agreement with Canada. This was

the first move made in behalf of tariff reduction and a decrease in the cost of the necessities of life. In spite of the Senator's opposition to Canadian reciprocity, the fact remains that the public seems anxious to try the experiment. Reciprocity appears to be the most popular of all the moves Taft has made. Mr. La Follette and his insurgent band do not need our assurance that they cannot succeed in sidetracking reciprocity, under the pretense of securing tariff revision. Reciprocity will win because the President is for it and the people are with him. Tariff revision without reciprocity will fail because the President is against it and he has the last word.

THE MUCK-RAKER is hard pressed when he tries to smirch the record of Secretary of War Stimson for his settlement with the Sugar Company at the time he was United States district attorney at New York. Mr. Stimson was a fearless United States district attorney and he pressed to the limit the charges against the Sugar Company. All back dues of which the government had been defrauded were collected and \$137,000 extra fines. "The man higher up," President Havemeyer, escaped prosecution only because he died within two weeks after the prosecution began. Mr. Stimson, in commenting upon the attitude of the Congressional Committee investigating the sugar fraud case, pertinently asks, "Why doesn't the investigating committee call me?" This would be the most direct route to the facts and Mr. Stimson's connection therewith. The only objection to it would be that the committee would have to quit playing politics.

WHAT constitutes a fair wage depends somewhat upon the cost of living in any particular locality. Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the Women's Trade Union League, gives twelve dollars a week as the minimum wage upon which a "working woman can possibly live in simple comfort." In some of the large cities, where rents and the general cost of living are high, such a sum would hardly afford many luxuries, while in many small towns the same amount would give a fair degree of the comforts of life. Twelve dollars a week is \$624 a year, and there are many clergymen with families to support and many school teachers who get much less than that. We wish that every woman who is compelled to work might receive at least twelve dollars a week, and actually earn it. But there are many things to consider. A general advance of wages would mean likewise a general compensatory upward movement of prices. There are instances where higher wages are paid than conditions warrant, just as there are others where an advance is called for. But who ever heard of any one being willing to accept a reduction?

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JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

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# People Talked About

MRS. CORA HARRIS, author of "The Circuit Rider's Wife" and "Eve's Second Husband," did not awaken to find herself famous. She has been getting famous for twenty years, but her friends only discovered her literary identity recently. Although her story, "The Circuit Rider's Wife," did not appear under her name, it was at once recognized as her work by those who knew her best, for it contained much of the experience of her early married life as the wife of a "circuit rider" in the Southern Methodist Church. Her husband, Lundy H. Harris, was generally supposed to be the hero of the story, which was not altogether to the liking of his fellow-churchmen. At the time of its appearance he occupied a high official position in the publishing house of the church, at Nashville, Tenn., where Mrs. Harris now lives. Last September he committed suicide, and soon after his death the clerk of the court requested of Mrs. Harris an inventory of her husband's estate. In answer she wrote to the clerk as follows: "It is not with any intention of showing an egregious sentimentality that I say I find it



PHOTO THUBS

MRS. CORA HARRIS.  
Who made her husband the hero of her story, "The Circuit Rider's Wife."

He supported the heart of every man who confided in him with encouragement and affection. He literally did forgive his enemies and suffered martyrdom, September 18th, 1910, after enduring three years of persecution without complaint. He considered himself one of the chief survivors and was ever recognized as one of the largest bondholders in heaven. You can see how large his estate was and how difficult it would be to compute its value so as to furnish you the inventory you require for entry on your books. I have given you faithfully such items as have come within my knowledge."

WILLIAM C. CARL, organist and director of the music in the Old First Presbyterian Church and director of the Guilmant Organ School, New York City, had the honorary degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon him by the University of New York at its recent commencement. This is the seventh time in the history of the university that the degree has been given—first, in 1855, to Dr. Lowell Mason, and the last time in 1883. Two years



WILLIAM C. CARL.

Famous organist who has just been honored by the University of New York.

impossible to give you a complete and satisfactory inventory of the estate of Lundy H. Harris. The part that I give is so small that it is insignificant and misleading. At the time of his death he had \$2.35 in his purse, \$116 in the



MRS. JOHN OTTO.  
Who was married on a ledge in the Colorado National Monument Park.

Union Bank and Trust Company of this city, about four hundred books and the coffin in which he was buried, which cost about eighty-five dollars. The major part of his estate was invested in heavenly securities, the values of which have been variously declared in this world and highly taxed by the various churches, but never realized. He invested every year not less (usually more) than twelve hundred dollars in charity, so secretly, so inoffensively and so honestly that he was never suspected of being a philanthropist and never praised for his generosity. He pensioned an old, outcast woman in Barton County, an old soldier in Nashville. He sent two little negro boys to school and supported for five years a family of five who could not support themselves. He contributed anonymously to every charity in Nashville; every "old maid" interested in a "benevolent object" received his aid; every child he knew exacted and received penny tolls from his tenderness.

Farnham was unconventional enough to have the ceremony performed in the picturesque canyons of the new park, she didn't go quite as far as to wear her Indian toggy. She wore a white satin gown with wedding train.

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BALTIMORE  
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ITS UNIQUE AND  
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
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**Brighton Garters**

**25 AND 50¢**

At the best shops—or by mail  
Pioneer Suspender Co.  
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OF BOTTLED BEER**

**HIGH LIFE BEER**

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ST. LOUIS  
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DENVER TO SAN FRANCISCO  
AND OTHER  
PACIFIC COAST  
POINTS**

**THROUGH STANDARD AND TOURIST  
SLEEPING CARS CHICAGO AND ST.  
LOUIS TO SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS  
ANGELES EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR**

**FOUR FAST TRANSCONTINENTAL  
TRAINS EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS**

**ANY TICKET AGENT IN AMERICA, ON REQUEST,  
WILL TICKET YOU VIA THE**

**DENVER & RIO GRANDE**  
"THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD"

**FRANK A. WADLEIGH  
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT  
DENVER, COLORADO**

**THE ROYAL GORGE,  
THE MOST WONDERFUL  
CANYON IN THE WORLD  
THROUGH WHICH A  
RAILROAD PASSES.**

**ON MAIN  
TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE**

1898—1911

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Specialists In  
**Odd Lots**

It is our business to serve the small investor and the small speculator.

It is our policy to serve him well.

Send for Circular B—"ODD LOTS"

Members New York Stock Exchange  
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

**FRACTIONAL LOTS**  
We issue a Booklet.  
Advantages of Fractional Lot Trading  
**J. F. PIERSON, Jr., & CO.**  
(MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE)  
**74 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY**  
884 Columbus Avenue.

**A Guaranteed Investment**  
Yielding 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  Per Cent.

As security for the \$1,250,000 First Preferred Stock of Barnhart Brothers and Spindler, there are net assets of more than \$8,000,000. Payment of dividends and full par value of principal is unconditionally guaranteed by the American Type Founders Company. Ask for complete information. Our circular No. 529 gives it.

**GEORGE H. BURR & CO.**  
BANKERS  
41 Wall Street      New York  
Chicago   Boston   Philadelphia   St. Louis  
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**Periodical Payment Plan**  
For Investors in  
New York Stock Exchange Securities

**Reduction in carrying charges**

Owing to the ease of the money market, we have been able to reduce our brokerage under the periodical payment plan to

**A Flat Rate of 6%**

This rate covers buying commission, transfer tax, interest and insurance against margin loss for one whole year.

Send for Circular No. P. P. 72

**Carlisle & Company**  
BANKERS AND BROKERS  
74 Broadway      New York

**Reinvest Your** { INTEREST DIVIDENDS PROFITS  
**M. Y. Real Estate Bonds**  
COMBINING { 100% SAFETY 6% INTEREST  
New York Realty Owners  
489 Fifth Ave., New York  
Write for Booklet 18.

**GOOD SPECULATIONS**  
Amalgamated Copper.      Manhattan Transit.  
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Marginal accounts accepted. Inquiries invited.

**SLATTERY & CO.**  
Dealers in Stocks and Bonds  
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**GET A FARM HOME NOW**

We have farms for all, both great and small. In 21 states: from New York to North Dakota; from Michigan to Missouri. For free list of fine farms ask B. F. McBurney & Co., 703 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

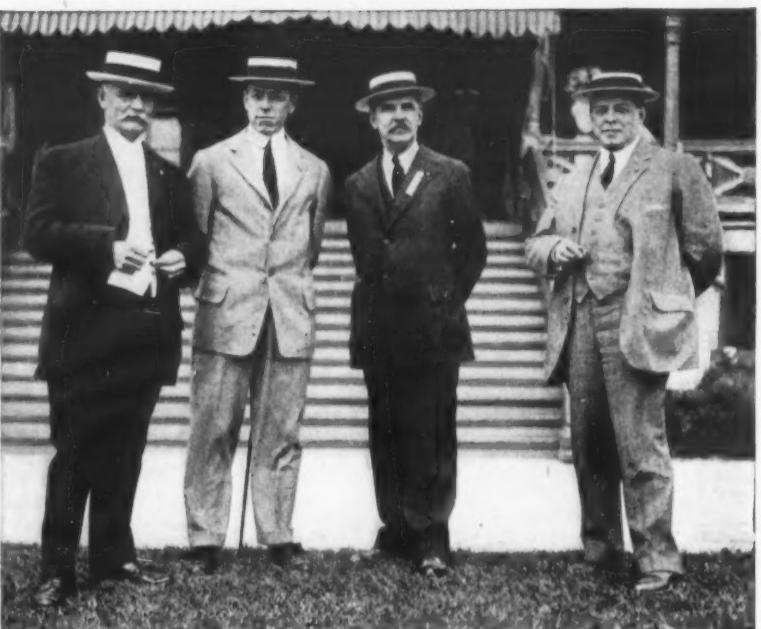
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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

are read by thousands of Leslie's Subscribers

**Leslie's Illustrated Weekly**  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York



AT THE BANKERS' CONVENTION AT MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.  
Left to right: J. P. Roche, American Exchange Bank, New York; L. C. Outcault, Paying Teller, Bankers' Trust Company, New York; Ledyard Cogswell, President New York State National Bank, Albany, N. Y.; Guy P. Hurlbut, Bankers' Trust Company, New York.

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

IT IS not too early to say that the outlook is not for record crops this year. Despite the talk of financial writers to the contrary, the fact remains that in a large area in different States in the Northwest, the West and the South the drought has become a very serious matter. Of course conditions may change over night, but we must not forget that we have had for the past three years a lack of moisture in many sections of the country. The hay crop in New England, as well as the potato crop in Kansas, is very light. Springs and watercourses all over the land are lower than usual. Meteorological conditions seem to have gone awry.

Each year we have hoped that the preceding year's deficiency might be made up and that the snows of winter would be deep enough to replenish the streams. Even this expectation has been disappointed. At this writing the signs indicate crops smaller than usual both in quality and quantity. We shall not be able to calculate the value of either the corn or cotton crops until September. If drought conditions continue and seriously affect these two crops, it will not be difficult for the bear leaders in Wall Street to use this information at the psychological moment to start a selling movement in stocks. There are those who believe that such a movement will be brought about if for no other purpose than to permit those who have sold their stocks to buy at lower prices.

A crop scare is always a bad thing in Wall Street. It usually comes suddenly and causes a sharp but brief decline in the stock market. Bargain hunters buy in the midst of these semi-panics or panics and generally make a profit either by a quick turn or by holding the stocks for better days to come. I know that the financial writers and the newspaper reporters seem to make the most of the good news from the agricultural sections, but the local reports which come to me from various sources are not as encouraging as I had hoped they would be.

Yet it is early to predict as to the outlook for crops and there will still be time for seasonable rains to offset the most serious consequences.

One of my readers in Kentucky recently wrote me that he had been given a lot located, as he supposed, near New York City, which was "thrown in" with a set of books. He has been

In answering advertisements, please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

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You will find that the best medium through which to reach the investor and get him interested in your securities and invest in them, is the publication that the investor reads and has faith in—the publication that can bring larger returns than any other paper in the financial world.

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**Over 330,000**

Has brought larger returns to its Financial Advertisers than any other publication, **330,000 copies each week—over a million and a quarter a month**—and at a lower advertising rate than any other advertising medium of equal circulation.

Geo. H. Burr & Co., of 41 Wall St., New York, recently sent us the following letter which shows the quality of the investors who answer the advertisements in Leslie's Financial Department.

"You will perhaps be interested to learn of one day's mail that came to this house recently. We had thirteen (13) inquiries, seven (7) of which were from Leslie's. Six (6) of the seven (7) were from well-rated business men; five (5) of these six (6) were rated better than \$500,000 and two (2) of these were from Presidents of concerns whose ratings in Dun's were AaAi."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY offers an opportunity to Banking Houses and Financial Institutions that cannot be found through any other publication because of the special interest created through **Jasper's Hints to Money-makers**. This department is edited by Jasper, one of the best known financial writers in this country.

Try an advertisement in Leslie's for four weeks and you will find the returns will prompt you to become a constant advertiser. Our Financial Advertising Man will be glad to call at your office and confer with you regarding your advertising.

**LESLIE'S WEEKLY**  
225 Fifth Ave. New York

## Central Trust Co.

OF NEW YORK

54 Wall Street

### Statement of Condition June 30, 1911

#### RESOURCES

Bonds and Mortgages . . . . .	\$1,440,567 18	Capital Stock . . . . .	\$3,000,000.00
Public Securities, Market value . . . . .	2,647,290.62	Surplus . . . . .	15,000,000.00
Other Securities, Market value . . . . .	24,337,259 61	*Undivided Profits . . . . .	1,233,046.62
Loans . . . . .	44,447,621.04	Deposits . . . . .	91,549,471.44
Real Estate . . . . .	1,007,744.13	Other Liabilities, viz.: Reserved for Taxes . . . . .	190,930.42
Cash in Banks . . . . .	25,726,930.17	Accrued Interest . . . . .	208,959.59
Cash in Vault . . . . .	11,043,110.86		
Accrued Interest . . . . .	531,884.46		
		<b>\$111,182,408.07</b>	<b>\$111,182,408.07</b>

\*Dividend payable July 1st, 1911, charged to Profit and Loss and not included in this Statement.

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JAMES N. WALLACE, President  
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JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 76.)

months ago around 1. Those who bought it at the latter price have doubled their money. The company is engaged in a large and growing business of lighting steam cars by the electric power created by their moving axles.

Such a stock would give a better chance for a "gamble" or speculation at \$1 a share than a mining, plantation or oil stock at the same figure, particularly if the latter were not developed to a paying basis. U. S. L. and H. preferred, paying 7 per cent. and selling around 8, certainly gives better promise to the purchaser as a speculative investment than mining, oil, plantation or magazine stocks selling around the same figure and not earning dividends. Not long ago American Can common, listed on the Stock Exchange, was selling at about \$7 a share. Recently it has gone over 12. Last year American Ice sold around 16½ and has since gone up to 25. Corn Products common sold a year ago at about 12 and recently has been selling around 16. International Paper last year was selling at 9 and has since sold at 16, though the price has receded. Union Bag and Paper common last year ranged from 6 to 13.

I speak of these stocks not to recommend them, but only to indicate that those who want to gamble in stocks can do so as readily in securities that have a marketable value as they can by buying such worthless things as some of the wireless telegraph and telephone stocks, mining, plantation, oil and other inventions of the get-rich-quick variety so freely sold through lurid advertising and seductive agents. Readers who want to run the chances of making a little money by speculating should also bear in mind that they can act much more safely if they will make their purchases through some well-established brokerage firm, for these will not deal in the absolutely worthless things that are too often palmed off on the unsuspecting public.

M., Huntington, Mass.: I do not recommend the bonds of the Auto Press Co. as "a safe investment." A mercantile agency report might interest you.

H. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.: I am unable to advise in reference to the Commonwealth Light, Power and Railway Co.'s stock. It is not a Wall Street security.

S., Whitehouse, N. J.: The Pay-as-You-Enter Car Stock, according to its published reports, makes a good showing. There is no doubt as to the growing popularity of these cars.

M., Cleveland, O.: I do not advise you to buy the lots around New York City offered by all sorts of syndicates and so-called companies with prizes and bonuses, etc. Some of these are fakes on their faces. Nobody is giving valuable New York real estate away for a song.

Novice, Clinton, Mass.: 1. I think well of Missouri Pacific if held for a long pull. This does not mean that it may not go down if the rest of the market recedes. It means that it has good possibilities if properly managed. 2. I do not advise Kerr Lake. If you have a profit in any mining shares it would be wise to sell them and take it.

Investor, New Orleans: Diamond Match and Swift & Co. are two excellent, well-conducted concerns. I think very well of American Chicle Pfd., paying 6 per cent. and selling a little above par. This stock seems to be well secured. The Common ahead of it pays 18 per cent. and there is little or no bonded indebtedness.

C., Kansas City, Mo.: 1. If the drought is so extensive as to materially affect the crops the stock market will hardly maintain its strength. 2. The reports made by S. W. Straus & Co., bankers, Chicago, who offer 6 per cent. real estate bonds, are of a very satisfactory character. I think they are equally as good as any of those you mention.

Chino, Boston: 1. I advise you to sell your Chino and take your profit. It is true that strong speculative manipulators are connected with it, but there are signs that they are selling out at every opportunity. 2. You are lucky to have a profit in Goldfield Con. Take it and keep out of it. A year or two from to-day you will appreciate the value of this advice and maybe in a much shorter time.

W. P., South Amboy, N. J.: American Locomotive Common, under existing conditions compelling retraction in the railway world, is not attractive. It has no prospect of dividends in the near future. If there should be a revival in the railway field the stock would have speculative possibilities in common with car equipment stocks generally. I do not advise the purchase of Buffalo Miners.

T., Wauwatosa, Wis.: 1. With your \$200 you could buy two shares of United Gas Improvement stock of Philadelphia which is selling around \$8 or one share of Consolidated Gas of New York selling about 145. The United Gas Improvement Co. represents in Philadelphia the same control of the electric light and gas interests as the Consolidated in New York. U. G. I. pays 4 per cent. per annum and Con. Gas 6 per cent. 2. You can buy any number of shares of stock from one up.

G., Galveston, Tex.: 1. The purchaser of Wheeling & Lake Erie around \$3 a share should bear in mind that the stock will probably be heavily assessed in its reorganization. The assessment will undoubtedly be more than the selling price of the stock. 2. The hot wave has been favorable to the business of the American Ice Company and at the price you mention it looks among the cheapest of the industries. 3. Watch my weekly suggestions in reference to stocks that offer particular attractions.

G., Milford, Del.: 1. The Texas Company is the leading competitor of the Standard Oil and has its refineries and headquarters at Port Arthur, Texas. The stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. At this writing it sells around 120 and pays 10 per cent. dividends. 2. I think better of Missouri Pacific than Cloverleaf or Southern Com. for a long pull. 3. Erie First Pfd., Missouri Pacific, and Kansas City Southern ought to do well if business conditions improve.

T., Patterson, La.: 1. Manhattan Elevated pays 7 per cent. and is guaranteed by the lessee. I called attention to its value after the panic a few years ago when it was around par. 2. Missouri Pacific has not paid dividends in years. 3. I think better of Ontario & Western or Kansas City Southern Pfd. 4. John Muir & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York, deal in odd lots. Write to them for their "Circular B" describing trading in odd lots.

Safe and Sure, New Haven, Conn.: The 3 year 5 per cent. gold notes of the Chicago Elevated Railways offered for subscription by the National City Bank of New York at 90 and accrued interest (at which price they yield 5½ per cent. to the purchaser) were very promptly subscribed. These notes are callable on thirty days' notice at par and accrued interest. Those of my readers who seek a short-term investment of high quality will find it in these notes. They can obtain particulars by addressing the Hon. Frank Vanderlip, President, National City Bank of New York, mentioning Jasper.

S., St. Louis, Mo.: 1. An excellent railroad bond such as you suggest, a first mortgage and well secured, will be found in the Kansas City Southern's selling around 74. The West Shore 4's around par are also gilt edged. 2. You can make a selection from an excellent list of bonds which has been prepared for their customers by Spencer Trask & Co., the well-known bankers, 43 Exchange Pl., New York, if you will write to them and ask for their investment bond list, mentioning Jasper. They will be glad to advise with any of my readers in reference to gilt-edged investments.

Bonds, Hartford, Conn.: 1. Real estate bonds in New York City are offered on a 6 per cent. basis in many instances. You can easily write to any of the parties offering their booklets and examine into the propositions at your leisure. 2. It is always better to buy a few shares of each of several speculative or investment stocks that are to your liking, if you want to learn the ways of Wall Street rather than to put all your money into a single stock. 3. Write to J. F. Pierson, Jr. & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York, for their booklet on odd lot trading.

B., Thomas, W. Va.: 1. All my reports are favorable. If you have a doubt ask for a mercantile agency report through your banker. 2. The annual dividend on O. & W. is \$2 share. 3. U. S. L. & H. is sold on the curb. It has not yet been listed. 4. U. S. L. & H. pref. on a 50 per cent. margin ought to be good. 5. Under existing conditions U. S. L. pref. and com., American Ice and Beet Sugar com. have chances for speculation. I also think well of Seaboard Railway shares sold on the Baltimore market. 6. M. K. & T. pref. and W. Md. are fairly well regarded from the speculative standpoint.

H., Cleveland, O.: 1. A crop failure would inevitably lead to a slump in Wall Street and give those who are short of the market a reasonable opportunity to get out safely. It will be some time before we shall know the value of our crops. 2. The prompt denial by the Canadian Pacific of the rumor that it was seeking control of the Erie gave that stock a setback and enabled you to get out without much loss if you were prompt in covering. This denial strengthens the suspicion that a pool in Erie is endeavoring to unload and is resorting to the same old tactics of boosting it by fancy tales of favorable developments. Erie common is not as good a speculation as the second pref.

M., Salida, Col.: The Magazine stock at \$10 a share with a 30 per cent. bonus in Com. is hardly attractive when Harvey A. Willis in his monthly market letter for June quotes the same stock with a 30 per cent. bonus in Com. at \$3.75. The failure of three magazines within the past few months, as I have heretofore stated, shows that the glowing promises of magazine profits are not always realized. One of these magazines, which was sold out at bank-bankrupt sale for \$2,500, got rid of over \$500,000 of its stock from which the purchasers will never receive a penny. Dividends are paid sometimes not from earnings but from the sale of stock, and as soon as the public stops buying the dividends cease, and the crisis comes.

W., Bangor, Me.: I certainly do not advise anyone of limited resources to sell his property or any part of it to buy speculative mining or other propositions such as you suggest. It would be much wiser if you wanted to use the money for speculative purposes to buy an investment stock which has a regular market on the New York Exchange, pays dividends and which in good times will advance. I don't understand why so many of my readers are tempted by offers of shares which Wall Street people and careful investors will not touch. These are the persons who accumulate wealth while those who are misled by the flaming prospectuses of mining, oil, plantation, real estate and magazine stocks constitute the bulk of the losing class. Why not follow the winners and be on the safe side?

D., Jersey City, N. J.: 1. Mer. Mar., Allis Chalmers, Brunswick, Union B. and P., Wabash com. are all in the highly speculative class. They would advance only if the market showed decided, well sustained strength. Third Avenue and Wheeling and Lake Erie are not cheap because of possibilities of a heavy assessment when the reorganization plans are carried out. The assessment on Third Avenue first suggested was \$40 a share. If you bought the stock around 10 or 11 you would still have to pay that assessment if you participated in the reorganization or else take what your shares would bring. 2. The sharp advance in Manhattan Transit from fifty cents to \$3 a share, it seems to me, has discounted the importance of the decision in its favor, but it is a close corporation and I cannot tell as yet how far-reaching that decision may be.

D. & G., Sandy Lake, Pa.: I can only say as to the magazine proposition you submit that three monthly publications, all of which sold many thousand dollars worth of stock on promises of dividends, have failed within a short period. None of the stockholders received a cent from his so-called "investment." The manner in which these stocks were sold on the most absurd statements as to the possibilities of their earnings, was most reprehensible. I have tried my best to warn my readers against being misled. The disclosure that dividends are sometimes paid to stockholders out of sales of stock has been made more than once. It ought to stand as a constant warning to those who are being sought to buy speculative stocks on the assurance that they will receive dividends. Just as soon as the public ceases to buy the shares the dividends will cease. The magazine field is overcrowded, the business is highly competitive and, contrary to general understanding, few magazines are making money.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1911. JASPER.

+ +

**An All-American Shopping Week.**

ENGLAND has just had an All-British shopping week, which has aroused a patriotic interest in her manufactures and has furnished convincing proof of their excellence. "It has brought home to many English people," says the *Spectator*, "the interesting fact that some of the finest fabrics, which they imagine could only be produced in France, are really manufactured in England." We would suggest an All-American shopping week, in which, in every city, great and small, throughout the country, only American produced and manufactured goods shall be sold. Such a week would be a revelation of the magnitude and excellence of our manufactured products not only to ourselves, but to the world at large, and a stimulus for even better records and a stronger patriotism.

## England's Big Experiment

By CHARLTON BATES STRAYER

"THE MOST comprehensive piece of constitutional legislation ever introduced into Parliament" is the way Chancellor Lloyd-George describes his insurance bill, the biggest experiment, indeed, ever proposed in the field of national insurance. While many features of the plan are subject to criticism, the spirit prompting the measure is above criticism. Certain classes of the English people either show themselves incapable of exercising forethought or are disinclined to do anything to prevent becoming a burden to society. Such persons the bill proposes to insure against sickness and unemployment, the burden of the insurance to be systematically divided among employees, employers and the government.

to feign sickness in order to reap the benefit of insurance. Trade unions and friendly societies managed by the workmen themselves have this feature to contend with, and the temptation would be increased many fold should the control be placed in the hands of government officials not in close touch with the men in the shops. While theoretically workingmen's national insurance is most desirable, there are enough practical difficulties in its detailed working out to call for more consideration than has yet been given to it. The German scheme is by no means so radical as the English, and, with her national trait of thoroughness, Germany spent between three and four years in careful investigation before launching her plan. Yet Mr. Lloyd-George is now trying to force the final passage of his bill before Parliament rises in the middle of the summer.

We have suggested that possibly trade unions and friendly societies can better care for this national insurance for workingmen than the government. In

our own country somewhat the same field is being provided for with increasing efficiency by large employers of labor. The pension systems of the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania and other railroads, and of many banks and business houses have been in operation for years. Better still are profit-sharing schemes like that of the International Harvester Company, worked out by George W. Perkins. Even the press has begun to establish the pension plan, the latest to join the growing list being the *Chicago Tribune*. For our independent type of citizenship, the pension and profit-sharing plans of private corporations will work more satisfactorily than any paternal device of governmental insurance. The workingman is not looking for charity, even from the government. Give him a fair show and the certainty of reward based on the time and fidelity of his service, and the workingman himself can look out for his own future.

### The Finger of Scorn.

(Continued from page 72.)

the good-angel role, and she only knew by hearsay—and long-ago dreams—of the ways of a mother. But, she explained further to the stricken woman before her.

"I'm telling you the truth, Mrs. O'Rourke. D'you think I'd be bringing her back if she was any the worse? If I hadn't met 'em—and known Reardon from 'way back — maybe I wouldn't have guessed how she was. But when I did know"—she flung back her head, breathing hard, and even the thick-speckled veil did not wholly hide the quiver that swept her lips—"d'you think I'd have a hand in helping a man-beast with a kid—a fair baby—that he'd poured drink into till she was beyond knowing?"

The tall woman stood looking at her in an uncertainty that was half fear and half hatred.

"If you don't believe me," she began again heavily, but it was Kathleen who did not let her finish. The girl had stood between the two women, her hands clasping and unclasping, her white face fallen forward, her whole slender, girlish frame shrunk and shivering. But now, at the woman's last words, she flung out her hands blindly and dropped on her knees by her mother.

"Won't you take me back, mother?" she cried.

Bridget O'Rourke's ashen, contorted face lifted and her arms went tight about her child.

"Oh," she sobbed, "did ye think I wouldn't? Did ye think 'twas ye I was blamin', whativir was? 'Twas meself, meself that didn't take care of ye."

They had utterly forgotten the tall woman, and, unthanked and unnoticed, she slipped out of the room. But in the alley she tore up the tight, speckled veil and dabbed a scented handkerchief desperately at eyes long weaned from tears.

Back in the underground room Bridget still held her daughter close.

"Sure, sure," she crooned, rocking back and forth, "'tisn't too late, after all. Sure, we'll begin again, you an' me an' all of us, in the cottage, with the fields an' gardens—an' the parlor, Kathleen Mavourneen!"

## When Bookkeeping Is Exciting.

(Continued from page 64.)

So he reasoned out logically that that automobile should be charged to advertising account—a solution of the problem that fully satisfied his employer.

The bookkeeper, through handling many accounts, is frequently a better judge of credits than the firm members, who find it difficult to balance nicely their desire to swell sales and their wish to establish no bad accounts.

One man who had handled thousands of accounts for a publishing house could tell almost by the look of a contract whether it was a good risk or not, and invariably "smelt" a dishonest salesman before there was any tangible evidence of wrongdoing.

The sales-manager had started out a new superintendent with several men under him in a Western State, and the new organization turned in a very promising number of orders for green men, doing almost as well as organizations that had had several years of experience.

The sales-manager was pluming himself upon his skill in judging salesmen, when the bookkeeper, in running over a bunch of contracts sold by a "Mr. Des Moines," decided that there was something wrong with them, he did not know just what. Taking them to the sales-manager, he asked if in his opinion they looked all right.

Now that manager, like most sales-managers, liked to see business boom and disliked anything that interfered with its increase—not because he wanted to load the concern up with bad contracts at all, but because, when a man has bent his every energy and thought to increasing sales, his viewpoint is warped accordingly.

"I don't see anything wrong with them. He gets a down payment with each contract for enough to cover his commission or more. That looks like pretty good business and he is one of the few salesmen that I don't have to advance money to. I wish the rest would pattern after him," said the sales-manager.

"Too good business, I think, for a new man," said the bookkeeper.

"Oh, pshaw!" responded the sales-manager irritably. "There isn't any such thing as 'too good business.'"

A few days later the bookkeeper took the matter up with the head of the concern and pointed out to him that Mr. Des Moines's sales contracts looked too good; he was getting down payments of from six to seven dollars on a set of books that only sold for thirty dollars. A first payment of three dollars would have been more reasonable.

"Suppose," explained the bookkeeper, "that Mr. Des Moines has given these people receipts in full for those payments and sent us in contracts differing from the ones he gave them. It would not be the first time that the words 'in full' had been added to one contract and not to the duplicate. Then he has, it is true, had to remit us the dollar or so collected over and above his commission; but such a course would prejudice us in his favor, for he probably knows that almost all salesmen are habitually overdrawing their commissions and that he would so win our esteem. Meanwhile, he has got his money, and we may have trouble getting ours."

The proprietor saw the point and discussed the salesman with the manager, soon coming back to the bookkeeper's desk with a letter from the field superintendent, saying, "We have a veritable treasure in Mr. Des Moines. He has caught on wonderfully. I have a dozen or so returned sets here and am letting him deliver these by wagon to some of his customers who are in a hurry for their books." The letter was dated ten days before.

"I guess," said the bookkeeper, "that that is about the last we shall hear of Mr. Des Moines." His employer thought him mistaken and the sales-manager was sure that he was crazy, but about that time the superintendent reported that Mr. Des Moines had been given a week's vacation that he might spend the holidays with his mother, and that vacation has lasted ever since. The sets that he was supposed to deliver by wagon were never found, and if he did not take them to his mythical mother, he probably shipped them to some other city for sale. He had thus got possession of a dozen sets of books worth thirty dollars each, and all he had paid for them was the odd fifty cents or dollar that he had turned

in to the house as being collected in excess of his commission.

The bookkeeper was right and his employer understood that very shortly, but the sales-manager carried his grudge for two years and could not seem to forget that the bookkeeper had once gone to the "boss" over his head.

The bookkeeper's situation in relation to his associates is always embarrassing. It is inevitable that most evidences of irregularity that he detects are on the part of those who can either discharge him directly or accomplish that unpleasant result indirectly. The men whose varying degrees of rascality he may unearth are always those who have axes to grind and whose rank in the concern is superior to his.

Under these conditions, when the bookkeeper makes known what he considers evidences of wrongdoing, he faces the prospect of losing his bread and butter. He can let matters drift along, even though he feels they are wrong, and thus hold his position; but it is to the credit of the class that, as a rule, they seldom consider that argument, but stick steadfastly to the straight lines of business integrity and true loyalty.

### Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

I WANT to address my remarks this week to the young men who have just been graduated from our schools and colleges. Possibly you are among that number. Let me say that there is no better time to take out an insurance policy than now. You are doubtless in good health and can stand the necessary medical examination with the same high standing received in your academic work. What your health will be ten years from to-day no one knows. You are young, hence your premiums will be low. Get a table showing the cost of insurance and see how the cost increases with the age. The earlier a policy is taken out, the better the financial investment. Possibly you are going to marry that girl who was so proud of you on the commencement stage. If so, you owe it to her to see that she will be protected from want were you to be suddenly taken away. Insurance in a good, reliable company is the only absolute guarantee you can give her. If she is the right sort of a girl—as she doubtless is—she would rather see an insurance policy than a diamond engagement ring. The sooner you act in this matter, the better. To-morrow may be too late.

W., Malta Bend, Mo.: The Kansas City Life was established in 1895 and has shown a constant and healthful increase in its business.

G., Brooklyn, N. Y.: One's ability to act as an agent can only be judged by experience. I think income insurance is becoming more popular, but life insurance is more readily solicited.

P., Erie, Pa.: It is true that the State Insurance Department of New York, which is most conservatively managed, has approved the policies of the Postal Life. Its plan seems simple and economical.

B., Huntington, Tenn.: I could hardly give you the list that you require. I suggest that you write to the Spectator Co., 135 William St., New York, and ask them to send you their paper-covered books selling for twenty-five cents each, on life, fire and casualty insurance.

D., Shawnee, Okla.: I have frequently said that I do not believe in assessment associations. I think it preferable to take a policy in an old line company in which the burden of expense will diminish as you grow older instead of taking it in an assessment concern in which the burden increases.

Benevolence, Pittsfield, Mass.: The German Commercial Accident of Philadelphia was established in 1907 with a capital of \$100,000. It reports a satisfactory surplus and a constantly growing business.

Report for 1910 shows a surplus to policyholders of \$123,000, and liabilities, except capital, of about \$50,000.

N., San Antonio, Tex.: 1. It must be humiliating for the people of Texas to learn that by drastic legislation they have driven out the best insurance companies from that State. This sort of craze cannot last long. 2. The International Life has only been established two years. It ought to have a better opportunity to disclose its ability to meet the competition of the old-established concerns.

Accident, Buffalo, N. Y.: 1. Yes, you can get a larger accident policy than a life policy for the same amount of money. 2. A prudent man, traveling as you do, can well afford to carry an accident policy and I would advise you to provide one. 3. If you will drop a line to the Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn., and ask them how much accident insurance \$25 will buy for one year and mention Leslie's Weekly, you or any of my readers may have the information.

*Hermite*

The fellow who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth generally marries a girl who makes him fork out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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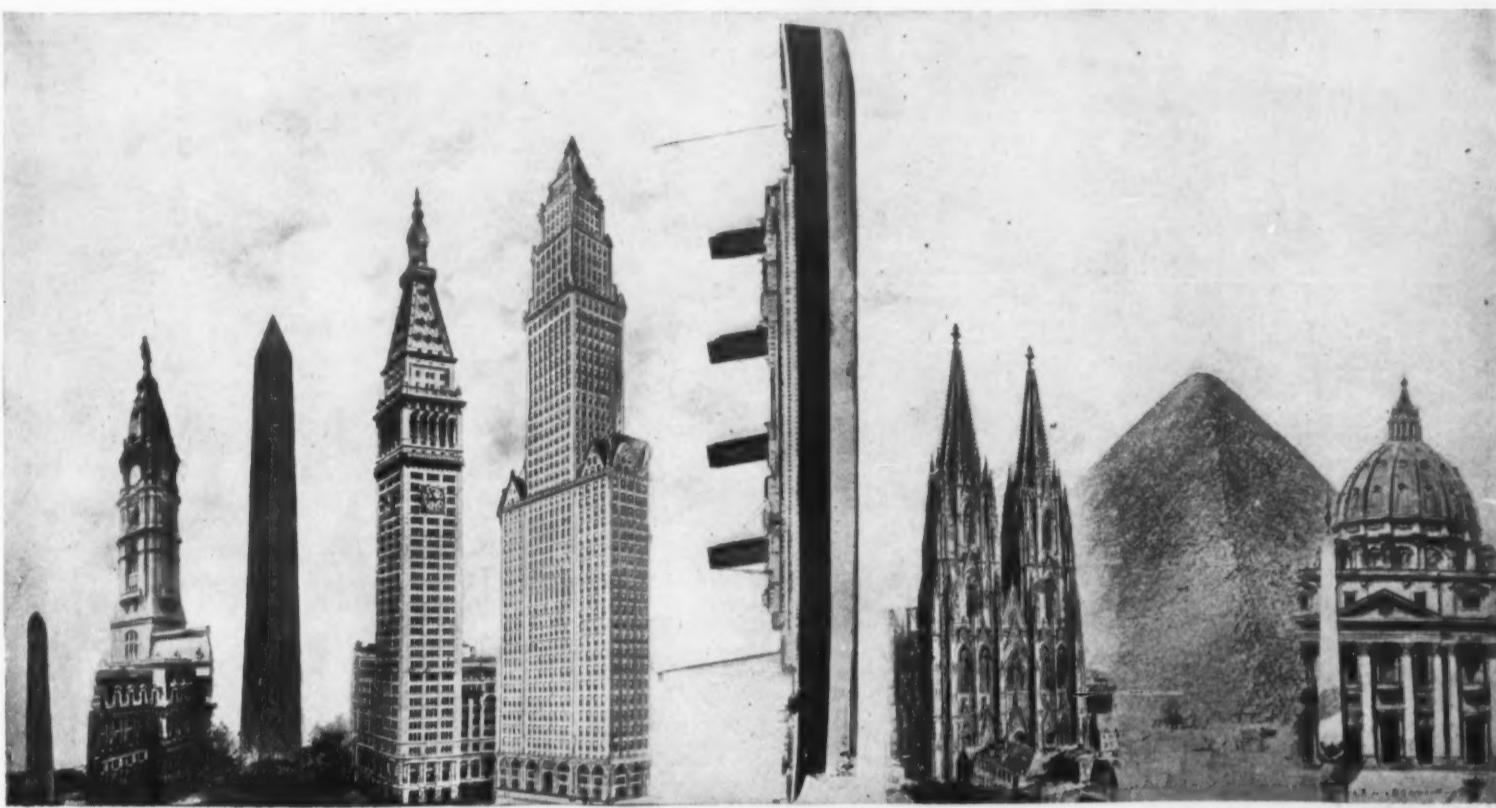
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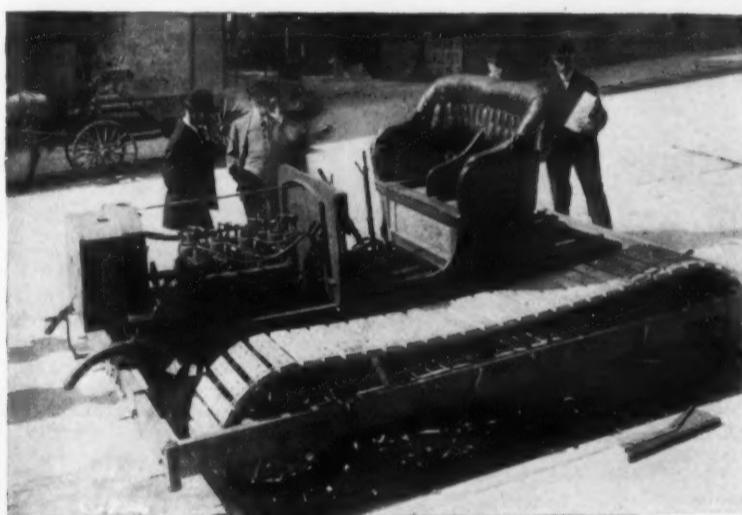
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Observing and signaling balloon of the German army, one of the most necessary equipments for possible future war.



THE BALLOON STILL IN FAVOR.

Leo Stevens's big airship rising majestically from the roof of Wanamaker's store, New York. The balloon, which carried Mr. Stevens and W. D. Gash, landed at Nyack, N. Y., thirty miles from New York.

# Sporting Gossip

By ED. A. GOEWEY



CUBAN BASEBALL PLAYERS ANNEXED.

First experts from Cuba signed for a major league in the United States. Outfielder Armado Marsons (left) and Infielder Rafael Almeida, now members of the Cincinnati Reds.

**J**UST as the crowd had gathered at the corner store for the evening's fanning bee, a real old-time thunder storm came along and drove them all indoors. But, though some of them got a little wet in the scramble, their ardor was not dampened and they took up the ever-interesting subject of baseball and thrashed it out while the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed.

"I have often wondered," said the Old Fan, in opening the talk, "just what the Detroit team would be this year without our old friend, Ty Cobb. Day after day we read in the papers about his timely hitting and his phenomenal base running, and so much is said about him that it almost seems as if he wins games single-handed. Of course this is not the case, for the Tigers are a great baseball organization in every position, the pitchers are doing wonderful work and Jennings is a skillful and clever manager. But as a player Cobb certainly outranks all of his team associates, if not any player in the American League to-day; and as there are other mighty nifty clubs in the Johnson organization, it is a fact beyond contradiction that Cobb is a mighty and necessary factor in his team's continued success. Ty is certainly making baseball history daily. In the recent official averages he was leading in about everything except batting, and in that he was only a few points behind McInnis, of the Athletics. He was the leading base runner, the leading run getter, the leading slugger and the leading outfielder. He has announced that he is going to make a world's record this year and at the finish of the season will be found leading the American League in every line except battery and infield work. We must take off our hats to this wonderful and plucky little boy and hope that he makes good in his great undertaking."

"And speaking of this fellow reminds me that some people have claimed that he is overpaid. He is not. I don't know exactly the number of dollars he draws down each month from the Tiger management, but whatever he gets he's worth all of it. Then there is Eddie

Collins, of the champion Athletics. His salary this season is \$6,000, and I think you'll all agree with me that his batting and the attention his wonderful all-around work attracts to his club are worth all of that and more. Stop and think of what some alleged actors in vaudeville are getting each week for less than an hour's work per day, and then you'll realize what real baseball stars are worth to their managements.

"It is rumored that the Detroit club will, ere long, be transferred to some other city. It is a well-known fact that the patrons of the Tigers have never shown the interest in the club that its wonderful playing would have received in many other places. The Tigers are among the best ball players in the business, and yet Detroit is what is known as a 'poor ball town.' Some of the cities in the American Association give their clubs better financial support than do the Detroit fans. It is understood that President Johnson would like to see the Detroit team transferred to Pittsburgh, and though he cannot do it under the present territorial agreement between the two big leagues, some change will be made that will be agreeable to both the American and National before long regarding this matter. I have been told by good inside authority that it is only a matter of time when Detroit will lose its big league franchise and will be left to join the American Association.

"The recent change of front in the case of old Cy Young, baseball's most phenomenal pitcher, was funny. One week the Cleveland club asked waivers on him. Then he was sent in to pitch against the Senators, held them down to five little hits and was immediately reinstated in the club's good graces. There is lots of good baseball left yet in this man who has won over five hundred games thus far in his career.

"Though there probably are but few fans who hope or think that the White Sox stand even the ghost of a chance of winning the American League pennant, still the Chicago boys must be given unusual credit for the fine showing they have made up to the present writing and the splendid manner in which they have

overcome many difficulties. But, though the South Side boys may not capture the 1911 rag, they will be a factor in the race and, after giving every club they tackle some good, hard battles, are likely to finish third, with an outside chance of making second position. And these Chicago boys are no longer the 'hitless wonders,' for they are doing big things with their bats this year. Another thing worth noting is the fine work of Jimmy Callahan, who, though out of fast company for about five years, is just about leading the Sox most of the time with his good old bat. Duffy has also collected a fine staff of pitchers, and, taken all in all, the club looks very fit.

"And if any of you fans will just pause for a moment and recollect, you will remember that the Windy City has generally been favored with an A No. 1 ball club. Ever since the National League was first organized, Chicago has occupied an important position on the baseball map. They won that organization's first pennant, captured five more first-place flags under Anson, and then Frank Chance jumped to the front and won four more. If he gets hold of one more good pitcher, the Cubs are likely to head the National League again this season, and no fan can figure just now how these boys can possibly finish worse than second. Comiskey, with his White Sox, has managed to win three pennants in the American League and is getting a club into shape to grab the flag next year for sure. You have got to take your hats off to Chicago. It has been and is to-day one of the greatest baseball towns in the country.

"I am often greatly puzzled at the way certain managers use pitchers in their strenuous efforts to win games. They will take a man who shows signs of being among the best in the business and use him up in a season or two, when with care he would last years and years. Take 'Iron Man' McGinnity as an instance. Evidently both he and his management thought that his arm would never give out and he was used for a couple of seasons more like a machine than a man and his usefulness in big

league company quickly killed. Then the great Christy Mathewson was made to work like a horse and his mighty arm more or less seriously injured. To be sure, he is still a great pitcher and able to win a good share of his games, but he has to nurse his arm as if it were a baby and relieves it continually by shrewd headwork and using his knowledge of the National League batsmen."

## A Spoon Shaker

STRAIGHT FROM COFFEEDEM.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum, which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**

# Human Aeroplanes in Flight

The Fascinations and Difficulties of Pole Vaulting



READY FOR THE VAULT.

A quick dash at the cross-bar and then the body is flung up into the air.



JUST GOING OVER.

Neither the pole nor the contestant may disturb the cross-bar.



SAFELY ACROSS.

Great skill is required in releasing the pole after the vault.



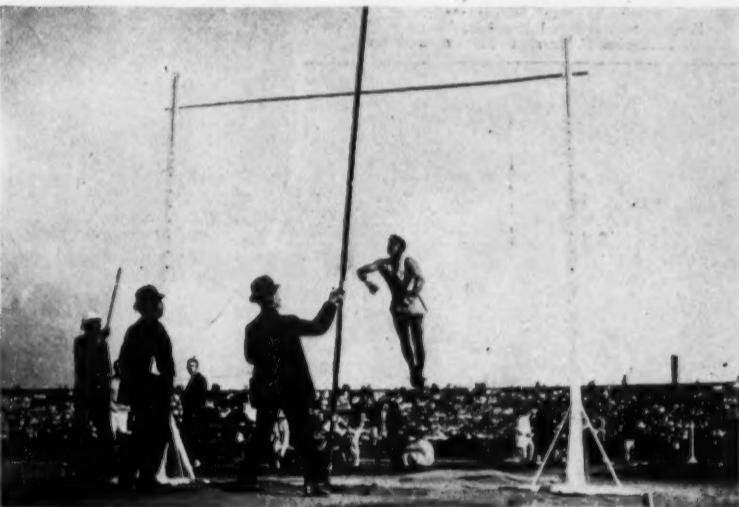
RECOVERING FOR THE FALL.

It looks easy, but it is one of the most difficult feats of the vault.



COMING DOWN.

It takes the novice some time to learn to land on his feet.



COMPLETING THE VAULT IN PERFECT FORM.

A shallow pit of loose earth is dug to break the force of the fall.

**P**ROBABLY the nearest human imitations of birds—outside of the men who “get off the earth” in biplanes or monoplanes, of course—are the athletes who kick away the globe when they do the pole vault. The pole vaulters get further off the earth and land more safely than the followers of any other line of sport—steeplejacks excepted. And the latter aren’t really sportsmen, for they perform their aerial stunts for money, while the pole vaulters vault for the love of the game.

From the moment the pole vaulter, grasping his long bamboo or wooden pole, “takes off” for his soaring leap over the bar, he is an interesting object. It does not require much imagination in the mind of the spectator to equip the athlete with wings when he sees him topping the bar

twelve feet or so above the earth’s surface. Twelve feet ten and seven-eighth inches is the record, made by L. Scott, at Boulder, Col., last year. Some of the athletes at the recent A. A. U. meet in Pittsburgh and at other meets have made efforts to surpass this mark, but they have failed. Jumping or vaulting almost thirteen feet into the air, even with the aid of a pole, is a pretty good feat, when one comes to think of it.

The photographs show several stages of the pole vault for height. In making the vault the athlete grasps his pole with both hands, placed as he pleases, but generally about three feet apart, takes a short run, plants his pole (the end is steel tipped) in front of the bar, and lets himself go in spread-eagle style, using his feet as a springboard. At the height of his vault he is an ungainly ob-

ject, but his descent is not ungraceful, as the skilled athlete knows enough to come down feet first, and to land on his feet. The “duffer” lights on his back or on his face or on some other part of his anatomy, and is lucky to escape with a jarring or marred features. The trained man knows just when to let go of the pole, for if either he or his “stick” knocks down the bar, the vault does not count.

The pole vault is an interesting feature of the programs of athletic meets, for the spectators like to watch it and award the winner liberally with applause. Besides, the pole vault for height, shown in the pictures, there is the pole vault for distance, at which game Martin Sheridan, the all-round athlete, is an adept. This is not as picturesque as the sky climbing contest.

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# Midsummer Brides and Maids



**BRIDESMAIDS OF MRS. ARTHUR L. BLISS,**  
The Misses Hazel Ellis, Dorothy Stratton, Julia Colbert,  
Edythe Welch and Mary Staley.



**MRS. EDWARD GILL WYLIE,**  
Formerly Miss Emily McLean, and bridesmaids, the Misses Es-  
telle M. Rielly, Robina Christian, Lucilla D. Wylie, Caroline  
Fuller, Katrina Page Brown, Betty M. Bouldin.



**MRS. THOMAS PRINDIVILLE,**  
Formerly Miss Ethel Herrick, daughter of Mrs.  
Frederick C. Herrick of Boston and Paris.



**MRS. ARTHUR BAINBRIDGE,**  
Formerly Miss Elizabeth Adams, daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. George Adams of New York.



**MRS. WINFIELD FULLER,**  
Formerly Miss Janet Fuller, daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. William Fuller of New York.



**MRS. HENRY A. CROSBY,**  
Formerly Miss Rosalie de Forest, daughter of Mrs.  
Othniel de Forest of Greenwich, Conn.



**MRS. ARTHUR L. BLISS,**  
Formerly Miss Marguerite Storm, daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. Jules Storm of New York, and Miss Hazel Bliss,  
maid of honor.



**MRS. CHARLES FREDERICK MACKAY,**  
Formerly Miss Annette L. Martin, daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. William P. Martin of Newark, N. J.



**MRS. A. S. CLARK,**  
Formerly Mrs. Carrie Riker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Charles Leverich of Corona L. I., and daughter, who  
was her flower girl.

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JULY TWENTIETH, 1911

# Fifty Years Ago This Week

War Scenes from Leslie's Weekly of July 20, 1861

Copyright, Leslie-Judge Co.



The battle of Rich Mountain, Western Virginia, on the 12th of July, between the troops of Major-General McClellan's command, led by General Rosecrans, and a force of three thousand Confederates under Colonel Pegram.

*From a sketch by our artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command.*

## The State of the Nation as It Appeared Fifty Years Ago.

*From Leslie's Weekly of July 20, 1861.*

What better proof can be advanced in support of the ripe judgment of General Scott than the present movements of the Federal forces, which are rapidly and securely closing in an armed cordon about the great army of the Confederates in Virginia? From all points columns are marching down. Those who were at Gallipolis, on the west, are en route for Ripley, on the other side of the Ohio, while at Charlestown, Parkersburg, Belpre, etc., are Ohio troops. At Grafton, Buckhannon, Philippi, etc., are Union forces, under General McClellan, his headquarters being at Buckhannon. At Cumberland the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, Colonel Wallace, is stationed, supported at the State line by two regiments of the Pennsylvania reserve corps. At Martinsburg and surrounding places to the north bank of the Potomac, and including Hagerstown, Williamsport, Frederick, etc., are various portions of General Patterson's forces. At Harper's Ferry, Colonel Stone is in command. Along the north bank of the Potomac River to Washington are scattered battalions of the District militia, while in Washington, Georgetown, etc., are large forces under General Mansfield. Across the river, in Alexandria, Arlington, etc., are nearly forty thousand troops under the charge of General McDowell.

General McClellan has gained another victory. On Sunday, the 14th, he attacked and defeated the Confederate force of about 10,000 men, under General Garnett, who was killed in the action. This battle took place about eight miles from St. George, at a place called Carracksford, a small village. Garnett was ex-Congressman for Virginia.

Carracksford, eight miles from St. George, where Garnett was killed, is about twenty-five

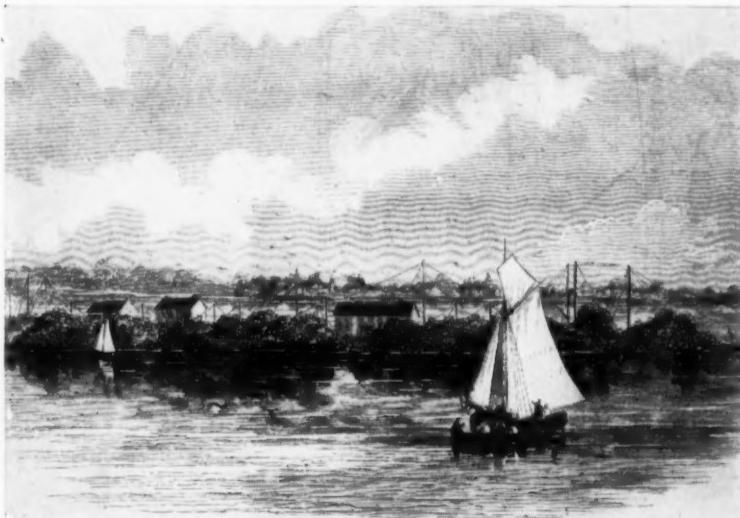
miles north of Beverley, where McClellan now is, thirteen miles east of Philippi, and about fifteen miles west of the Alleghany Mountains.

An important order has been issued by General Scott, which places the telegraph, as far as relates to war movements, under the surveillance of the department, so that in future the "telegrams" will be in all respects reliable if meager. Special correspondents for newspapers in the various camps are looked upon with suspicion by the military authorities, and some few have been arrested. The reason is self-evident.

There are several papers in our midst who indulge every day in insane attacks upon the Government, and more especially upon the War Department, blaming it for want of energy in not advancing long ago upon the enemy. According to their profound knowledge of military tactics, the thing could have been done off-hand several weeks ago, the Confederates driven from Virginia, and Richmond be in possession of the Federal troops. These writers have become the laughing stock of the country by their presumptuous bombast and their visible ignorance. Impatient for the spoils, they would precipitate the action of the Government and risk all with combinations only half consummated and forces insufficient and incomplete.

Congress has acted decisively in reference to the new government of Virginia. The two Senators, Messrs. Wiley and Carlisle, were duly qualified and admitted to their seats, while the Confederates, Messrs. Hunter and Mason, were expelled. This action will give comfort and strength to the true men in western Virginia.

Baltimore is for the present quiet; the turbulent spirits of that city have been overawed.



Fort Calhoun, on the Rip-Raps, situated between Fortress Monroe and Sewall's Point, in Hampton Roads, Va.  
*Sketched from the gunboat Quaker City by J. L. Penke, Esq.*



Escorting Major Taylor, of New Orleans, the bearer of a flag of truce covering letters from Jefferson Davis and General Beauregard to President Lincoln and General Scott, blindfolded to the Confederate lines, after his unsuccessful mission.



I can't help it, Willie, when you bring home a box of

# Post Toasties

—A sweet, crisp food for any meal.

**“The Memory Lingers”**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada